



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

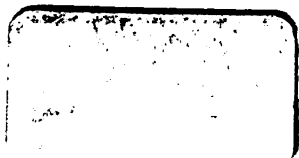
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LETTERS OF A  
BETROTHED



*Translated by*  
L. HUXLEY



To Mrs Becker

With kindest regards.

May 20, 1907.

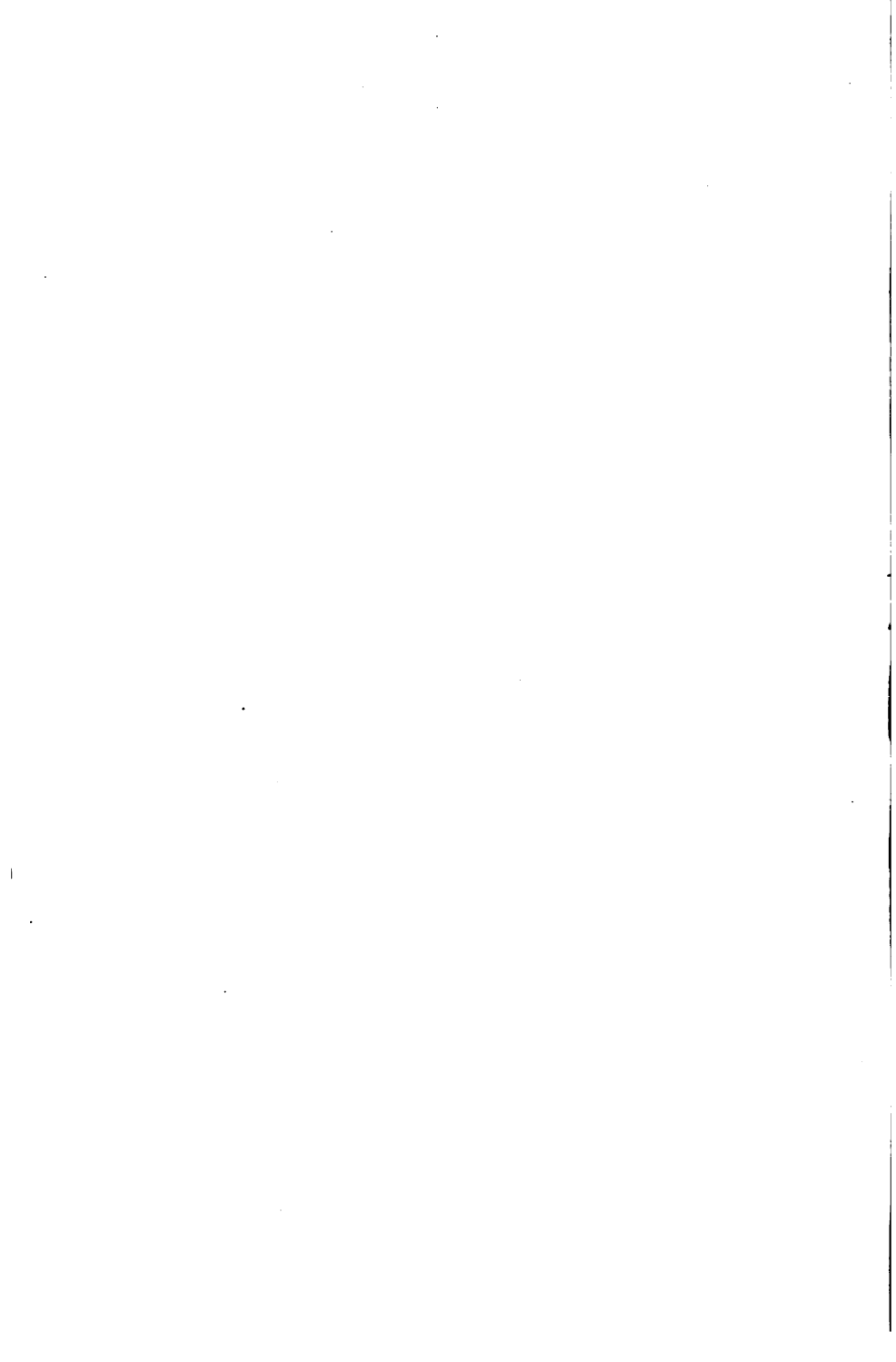
---

---

This book is supplied by MESSRS. SMITH,  
ELDER & CO. to Booksellers on terms which will  
not admit of their allowing a discount from the  
advertised price.



## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED









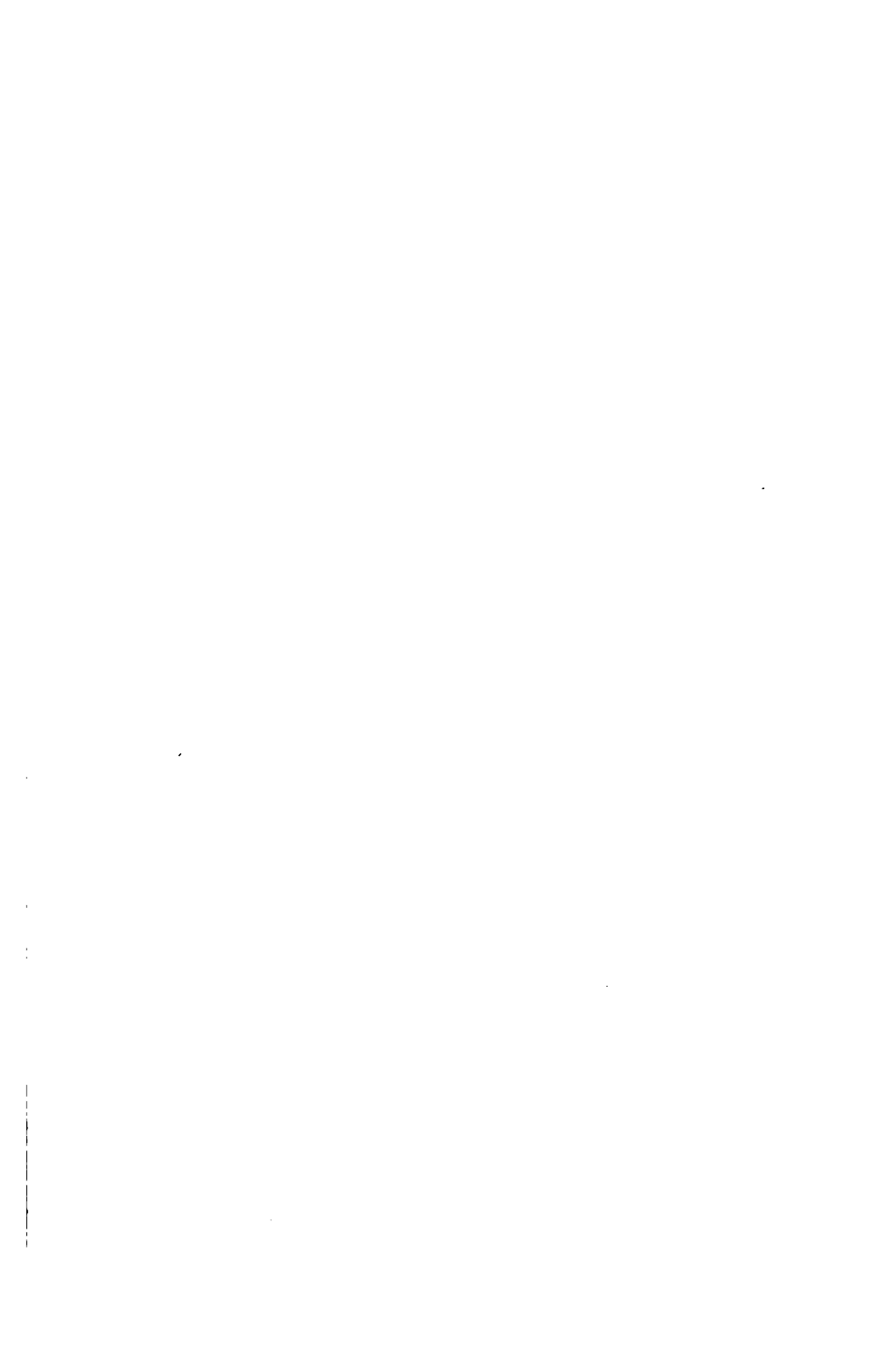
Philippine von Gräbner







Albert von Wied



LETTERS OF  
A BETROTHED  
DURING THE GERMAN  
WAR OF LIBERATION

1804-1813

*Cramm, Philippine von Griesheim von*

EDITED BY

EDITH FREIIN VON CRAMM

TRANSLATED BY

LEONARD HUXLEY

WITH PORTRAITS

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

15 WATERLOO PLACE

1907

[All rights reserved]

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.  
At the Ballantyne Press

DC  
236  
C712

## P R E F A C E

Two years ago I was looking over my grandmother's letters, now printed in this volume, the originals of which are in the possession of my cousin, Freiherr Egenolf Roeder von Diersburg, at Karlsruhe i. B. My memory carried me back to the time when my grandmother held a circle of her grandchildren entranced with the vivid tale of her fortunes under the French domination, and yet what a difference between the reminiscences attempered to children's ears and the pulsing life, the very image of the moment, unrolled before me in these yellowing papers. The charm and tragedy in them side by side arrested me. They breathe the aroma of a pure childlike soul joined to the tenderest love, yet able to bear the bitter pang of renunciation with outward gentleness and with religious devotion. Nevertheless, it is not only the poetry in them that makes these letters worth reading; they have a wider and more general interest in their historical background—the stormy years of

v



1804 to 1813, during which they were written. And so without the help of art the story rises to the dignity of an historical tragedy.

The wish to make these letters accessible to a wider circle was instantly followed by a certain hesitation in revealing my grandmother's inmost feelings and existence to the public.

However, my compunction in this regard was soon allayed—as indeed was the case with various dear friends and relations—by the reassuring thought that letters of this great period, so close to the immediate impressions of every sort and kind, possess a certain claim to publication in virtue of their significance as historical documents. Yet more—I can think of no worthier monument to one we loved so dearly in her lifetime, as the publication of these letters, which may well cast a unique spell even over those who did not come into contact with the living personality of the writer.

Except for a few unimportant omissions the letters are printed without any alteration of the style and manner of their period, so as to lose none of their originality.

No special commentary is needed for these letters of my grandmother's. What I have found needful to add in the way of historical

## PREFACE

vii

notes, I am indebted to the willing help of Dr. Paul Zimmermann, of Wolfenbüttel, Archivist to the Duchy of Brunswick, and Dr. Wäschke, of Zerbst, Archivist to the Duchy of Anhalt, while Herr von Wedel of Braunsforth and Herr von Griesheim of Falkenberg have kindly supplied me with information from their family records with the same ready generosity. Herr Hofrat von Oechelhäuser of Karlsruhe has been of the most friendly help to me in passing the book for Press. To take this opportunity of giving these helpers my sincerest thanks is a grateful duty.

Though the writer is no more with us, these letters have awakened deep feeling for her in the inner circle of family and friends; it is my trust that they may be of like effect in a wider circle.

With this wish I speed them on their way to publication.

EDITH FREIIN VON CRAMM,

CHÂLET BELLVUE, THUN.

*Spring 1905.*



# 62 Letters of a Betrothed

## INTRODUCTION

THE family of Philippine von Griesheim belongs to the ancient Thuringian nobles, the first reference extant being to Widelo de Grizheim in 1133. Their original home is Griesheim on the Ilm. In the Middle Ages the members of the family who were not landholders adopted the profession of the cleric or the soldier. Thus Philippine's grandfather, Karl Heinrich Ernst, born 1713, at Oettingen, in Wurtemberg, Chamberlain to the Grand Duke of Saxony and Director of the Cathedral Hospital for Ancient Nobility at Merseburg, had served in the Saxon army. He retired with the rank of major, and withdrew to his estate of Netzschkau, near Leipzig.

He was twice married: first to Katharina Margarethe von Bülow, of the house of Schraplau; secondly, to Louise Henriette von Bose, of the house of Ermlitz. Entries in the family

## 2 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Bible present him as "a strictly upright but somewhat hard man." Further, "He was an official entirely devoted to his Saxon prince, and without one good word for Prussia; it was therefore against his will that his two sons, attracted by the fame of Frederick the Great, entered the Prussian service." One of these sons was Philippine's father, August Heinrich Ernst von Griesheim, born at Netzschkau, on May 9, 1757.

The description that follows is from the memoirs of his second daughter, Caroline, afterwards Freifrau Roeder von Diersburg: "Ernst, my father, was intended for a learned profession utterly against his will, and was actually sent to the University of Leipzig in the charge of a tutor. There he stayed three years, but then, at the age of nineteen, he was overpowered by the desire for a military career. Accordingly he stole away secretly one day to Halberstadt, with Herr von Zagen, to enlist in the regiment of Duke Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand of Brunswick.<sup>1</sup> Being very attractive and good-looking, he did not fail to catch the notice of the Duke, who treated him like a son, and gave him an allowance and so forth.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix I.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 3

"My relations still possess letters of the Duke to my father, in which he gives the young man good advice, and addresses him in terms such as a father might have used. It was only by the Duke's kindness and intercession that, after many years, a reconciliation was effected between father and son.

"Year by year our dear father rose in the Duke's favour. He served under him in several campaigns, so that the Duke had opportunity to test his military skill; and when in 1800 the Duke had to organise his Brunswicker troops on the Prussian basis, he begged my father from the King of Prussia. The King consented, and gave him on his departure—for he was only just Captain—the rank of Major; a 'step' which would still be his if he returned. Moreover, he put at my father's disposal a place in the Institute at Quernheim for one of his daughters; it is this which I hold.

"On January 5, 1800, our father came to Brunswick as Colonel, and in 1802 was promoted Major-General, and commander of a regiment that bore his name."

Philippine's mother, Sophie Louise, Freiin von Cornberg of the house of Lübbecke, born

#### 4 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

1757, in the principality of Minden, was descended from an ancient family possessed of large estates in the neighbourhood of Minden. Her father was Provincial Governor von Cornberg of Lübbecke and Richelsdorf in Halberstadt; her mother, Sophie Henriette Helene von dem Busche-Haddenhausen.

During the absence of her husband in the campaigns in Holland and on the Rhine, Frau von Griesbach lived with her father. Philippine, the seventh and last child of her parents, was born on June 25, 1790, at Peterhof, the President's official residence. One brother died in infancy.

The five elder children were: (1) Auguste, *b.* 1782; *m.* Freiherr Christian von Münchhausen on November 8, 1804. (2) Caroline, *b.* 1784; *m.* Freiherr Philipp Roeder von Diersburg, captain in the Von Griesheim Brunswick regiment of foot. (3) Wilhelmine (Minette), *b.* 1786; entered the Institute of S. Maria, in the principality of Minden. (4) Louise, *b.* 1788. (5) Werner, *b.* 1789; at the opening of this correspondence ensign in the Von Griesheim regiment of Brunswick foot.

A very full account of her own childhood is given by Philippine in her first letter.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 5

Charlotte Auguste von Münchhausen, the friend to whom almost all the following letters are addressed, came to know Philippine in Brunswick in the year 1804, at the formal betrothal of her eldest sister, Auguste von Griesheim, to Charlotte's elder brother, Christian Freiherr von Münchhausen (always called Chretien in the letters), who held the rank of lieutenant in the "Prince Frederick" Brunswick regiment of foot. Charlotte Auguste, named after her godmother, Duchess Augusta of Brunswick, consort of Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, was born at Brunswick on September 12, 1790, and consequently was of the same age as Philippine. Her father, Chief-Administrator Friedrich von Münchhausen, born 1753, was in charge of the administration of Gebhardshagen, in the district of Wolfenbüttel. After his death, in 1795, his widow, Beata *née* von Bardeleben, of Cassel, a very practical lady, continued to manage the official business of Gebhardshagen. And it is to Gebhardshagen, where Charlotte lived with her mother, that all the letters are directed.



## LETTERS

1804-1813

### I

BRUNSWICK, *November 10, 1804.*

How odious is fate, my dear little friend: hardly have we seen each other, and got to know and love one another, when we are parted again. True, there is only a little distance between us, but it is long enough for two close-linked souls.

How happy our family connection<sup>1</sup> makes me, for now our friendship does not only rest upon election, but on a really close relationship. Oh, dear Lolôte, I can't help laughing still, when I think of our first meeting. I believe my first words were perfectly stupid, your answer betrayed great bashfulness! But it was very soon that the bond of friendship was sealed with *tutoiement*. Even if we must now be often parted, we will make up with

<sup>1</sup> On November 8 the double wedding of the sisters Auguste and Caroline had taken place.

an uninterrupted correspondence, won't we, dear pet? But you must promise faithfully, as soon as you have read my letters, to let them go up in the smoke of the fire, for really, dear Lotte, I write badly, with lots of mistakes—but still without affectation—words straight from my heart, while my brain does not spend much time rummaging around for elegant phrases. My pen tells you frankly what my thoughts offer you.

You want to know about my early days and my playmates when I was young? I am delighted to go back at one bound to my tenth year. Halberstadt was my birthplace and my earliest home; but when I was a child of ten this was exchanged for Brunswick, where my father was transferred as colonel from the Duke Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand Brunswick regiment. Of my young days a great deal has slipped away: only so much remains in my memory that I was a mixture of wildness and ugliness, skin and bone, and as yellow as a squeezed lemon.

My earliest playmate was Julie Mahrenholz, in whose house I used to spend the evenings. But her society did not suffice me long; for she was two years younger than I and only played with dolls, and I preferred the boyish

## 8    LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

games of my brother and his playfellows, Wilhelm Mahrenholz, &c., and so used to join them. It is not astonishing that I seldom got off without a black eye, for no game was too wild for me, no tree too high, and no ladder too steep for storming the fortifications on the haystack. Nothing troubled my childhood except when old Philip, our servant, accused me of stealing the plums in our garden and whipped me for it—a thing that often happened hard on the event among the very beds where my foot had left its track and matched my shoe alone. The girl, who has now grown into a steady young person of fourteen, could tell you other little tales, if she had more time to spare and could stay long on one subject. Only think, dear, I have begun singing lessons, and my teacher says I should have a beautiful voice, so you will hear something wonderful; I shall shortly appear on the stage as *prima donna* of Schöppenstedt. One part I played there as a stranger several years ago was a failure of mine. We were passing through this far-famed place with Fritzie Asseburg on our way to his parents' estate; we gave ourselves out as French *émigrés*, and aroused universal compassion, but I gave away the joke by my clumsy liveliness.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 9

Our Squire Ali sends his best love to Miss Gutely; he is barking and jumping up at my pen, as a sign for a message to be sent.

A tender kiss is pressed on your lovely lips by

THINE OWN LIPPCHEN.

## II

BRUNSWICK, *November* —, 1804.<sup>1</sup>

O DEAR Lotte, how can I find words to describe yon the most important event of my life! But away with long prefaces—they waste too much time! For a long time there had been talk of a grand ball at the Master of the Household von Münchhausen's, in honour of the Margravine of Baden<sup>2</sup> and Prince Henry of

<sup>1</sup> The date is often omitted in the letters; the mode of writing the names, too, sometimes in German, sometimes in Roman characters, is variable: the original is exactly followed in the German edition. Even mistakes are preserved. These are especially to be found in the first letters, and are characteristic of the youth and a certain flightiness of the writer.

<sup>2</sup> The Margravine of Baden, Amalie, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse, was connected with the court of Brunswick by family ties. Her daughter Marie was the wife of Duke Frederick William. The Margravine's husband, Hereditary Prince Karl Ludwig, died in 1801 at Arboga in Sweden, as the result of a carriage accident. "In October my Princess went to Brunswick." . . . "The Court of Brunswick was a lesser Berlin, brilliant: the nobility rich and sociable. A French theatre had driven out the German one. . . ." "Here the Margravine stayed two months in most agreeable surroundings" (*Erinnerungen aus dem Hofleben*, by Karoline von Freistedt. Published by Karl Obser, Heidelberg, 1902).

## 10 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Prussia,<sup>1</sup> when my mother came in with a note from Frau von Münchhausen, containing the request that as there was a great deficiency of ladies to dance, and, on the other hand, a superabundance of gentlemen, she would let me come to the ball.

My senses went dizzy for joy, as if I had been waltzing for an hour already. My darling mother was wavering: but my incessant prayer brought her to the decision to take me with her. I neither slept nor ate for joy; the honour and pleasure were quite too great. The Duchess-Dowager<sup>2</sup> also took me for eighteen!—But, Pinchen, that does not belong here at all! these flighty thoughts will always outrun the story! Well, after dear motherkin had given her permission, Holland was in lack of a ball-dress. Sister Auguste, who has just had a new outfit, and of my size, had to help me out, and

<sup>1</sup> Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of King Frederick William III., *b.* 30th December 1781; Coadjutor of the Mastership of the Knights of St. John at Sonnenburg, 1800; Grand Master of the Prussian Order of St. John, 1812; *d.* 12th July 1846.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess-Dowager Auguste, daughter of Prince Frederick of Wales, sister of George III. of England: *b.* 11 Aug. 1737; *m.* 16 Jan. 1764 to Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand; *d.* in exile, 14 Jan. 1813.

“... a very good, highly original, upright Englishwoman.” (*Erinnerungen aus dem Hofleben*, by Karoline von Freistedt. Published by Karl Obser, Heidelberg, 1902).

the dress with a train was lovely. I tell you, dear girl, I looked like a comet with a long tail. My long thick hair was twisted up into a dove's nest on the top, like a crowned head. My part was drummed into me, how I must answer when presented to Princes and Princesses, and warned against confusing Royal Highness, Serene Highness, and Highness.

At last the longed-for hour arrived! I stepped into the carriage with a beating heart, and beauty and splendour dazzled my senses, a crowd of dancers received me at the door with engagements for Schottische, two Waltzes, Monemasque, Sauvage, Finale and all manner of dances! An elderly chief mistress of ceremonies took my trembling hand, to present me like a victim to their Royal Highnesses. At last the stirring music summoned us to the dance. A Courlander, Herr von Korf, secured an introduction and asked for the first dance, which I gave him, forgetting that I had already promised it the day before to Graf Stirum, who now put in his claim. A fresh perplexity! Herr von Korf modestly retired and we stood up. Now, silly child that I was, I thought all eyes were fixed upon me, for everything was new and strange to me in this

## 12 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

whirling crowded place. My knees began to totter, the floor swayed under my feet, as if I were shaken by an earthquake, my senses swam and I sank fainting to the ground. When I came to, the Hereditary Princess<sup>1</sup> was standing before me and kindly advised me to walk up and down in the room a little, but scarcely had I got up from my seat when I once more sank to my knees and was carried away senseless. Next day, after I woke up as well as ever, the whole affair appeared to me like a fantastic dream.

Well, what do you say, dear Lotte? I am rather ashamed of myself, and yet to have been reckoned among the grown-ups is no less pleasing to

THY PHILIPPINE.

### III

BRUNSWICK, 1805.

WHY—ah, why—must everything be transitory and the festivities after a double wedding not last for ever? The honeymoon is now

<sup>1</sup> The Hereditary Princess Frederike Louise Wilhelmine; *b.* 1720; *d.* 1819; daughter of the Hereditary Stadtholder of the Netherlands, William V.; *m.* 14 Oct. 1790 to the Hereditary Prince Karl Georg August, eldest son of Duke Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand. The Hereditary Prince died very suddenly on 20 Sept. 1806.

over and with it has come an insupportable emptiness. The balls, dinners, and suppers pursued one another—oh, it was a heavenly delight! Now I am sitting down and have got to do themes and composition. A silly fashion to worry young spirits with! Oh—*à propos* of fashions. I have got a hat—you never saw anything sweeter! When you come in the spring, you must get yourself just such another, so that two like souls shall wear two like hats as well——

I'll send you the master-key to my heart, my dearest darling, take it and open, and you will find inside—only friendship for my Lottie. The silly talk has come to your ears too, that I am engaged to Herr von Korf! I blush when I think of it, and am so ashamed when he speaks to me that I can scarcely manage to answer, especially when he makes such incomprehensible speeches to me, such as: "Whether I could bring myself to exchange my own country for a foreign one?" and the like. Do you know what has given rise to these unfounded rumours? He invited me the other day to a sledging expedition, but as it thawed he gave a *déjeuner dansant*, opened the ball with me, took me in to luncheon and escorted me home after the last dance. Now,



## 14 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

I ask you, is that singling me out? So he pays several calls a week on us, chooses a place under our box at the theatre, and escorts me home.

You ask whether he has spoken to me of love. No, dear Lottie, that I should very much decline, for it would not do at all; he would lose tremendously in my estimation. But he talks to me in a very different way from *other* young people: I can't write it to you as I could say it to you: it's not compliments, and yet they make me confused.

My painful situation will reduce you to pulp, my darling: you must really come soon, for otherwise I am so lonely in society because I am the only girl of my age there, and am like the fifth wheel to the coach with my sisters. Still people address me with demonstrative kindness, assuredly out of compassion for my youth.

Oh, if I could only set my feet going just once more, for four days they have been still, and if I didn't always dance up and down stairs and run about the garden on my brother's stilts, I should have them getting quite stiff. If I could only dance through the whole of life, then happy indeed would be

THY PHILIPPINE.

## IV

BRUNSWICK, 1805.

SHARE my joy and happiness, dear friend of my heart! In a week I shall be presented at Court with my sister Louise. And whom have I to thank for this joy? Our dear Hereditary Princess, who asked my mother to let me accompany her to a ball which she was giving in honour of several foreign princes, because I was an indefatigable dancer. And then it was not only decided that I was to be taken as well, but that I should be presented at Court the Sunday after. Oh! all the letters are dancing round over the paper at once in anticipation of the delight.

*A few days later!!*

The Hereditary Princess's ball was simply lovely! I danced without stopping from six o'clock till midnight, and opened the ball with Prince Henry, the King's brother. I don't say this to you, dear Lottie, for self-glorification, no—it's all the same to me whether it is Prince or Ensign, so long as I dance. I am not to remain sitting out at the forthcoming balls; that is certain from my programme for eight balls from the 1st to the 16th dance.

## 16 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

I am looking forward impatiently to Easter, for then the boarding-house at Kiriers will unite us for a while under the same roof. Till then think often of your harmless, superhumanly happy

FRIEND.

### V

BRUNSWICK, 1805.

YOUR adding a week to your holidays is not fair to your friend, who has so much to say to you and would so much like to have had a little hour of chat and jest with you. Laughter! ah—that really is something past and gone for me, at least for the moment. I feel a strange emptiness after the many balls, concerts, and sledging expeditions on the ice, and after the departure of Frau von Korf and her son, who have been a great deal in our house of late. She is a grand woman, whom I revere as a mother, and he is a very obedient son, whom I would love like a brother, if he had stayed here longer, he was so congenial—I understood him thoroughly the latter part of the time!! But of this by word of mouth, for I cannot clothe his words in writing. He was *deeply* depressed at leaving us; his mother has already written to mine

from Berlin, and sent her a beautiful memento. She also gave my father the lifelike portrait of her son when she went away. According to his mother's promise, he hopes to come back to Brunswick after a few years spent in travelling! If only I could have travelled with him! For travelling and dancing are a pair of heavenly delights! Yet no—to leave home and father and mother—not for anything in the world. But here comes my father's regiment with divine music: my toes dance in my shoes when I hear it.

Forgive my digressions, but I am in an extraordinary mood to-day. Delight and joy and annoyance haunt my brain. Believe it you must! I am feeling to-day a feeling I have never known before; young though I am, all my womanhood is hurt by it. You know, it always makes me feel ill to see the dandy (I mean Count Stirum, a cousin of the famous Count Herdt): how much more then must my sense of honour have been hurt when the other day he sends me some French books he had promised, and on opening them—oh, I am ashamed at the thought of it—I find a *billet-doux*, in which he declares his love to me in the most impudent language. No, dear Lotte—was ever such a thing heard of!

## 18 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Did ever a young girl suffer a more annoying insult?

I took counsel with Gussie Hagen, who was there, as to what ought to be done about it. I wanted to show it to my father in the absence of my mother and sisters, but she advised to Werner, and then I was afraid that my honour would be vindicated at the sword's point, and a duel might come of it. Gussie thought it a distinction for me to have such a *billet-doux* to show. Many thanks for the honour: I could cry to think that a gentleman could get anything of the sort out of it. Still Gussie thinks very differently about this from what we do: among other things she let herself be escorted home the other day by that odious, disagreeable Count Maurice Wrisberg, and he—no, I can hardly write it down—squeezed her hand, and she couldn't go to sleep for joy that night. Really, I could never look at a man again who permitted himself anything of the kind, and so I am trying to avoid ever speaking again to the disagreeable Count Stirum.

To-day, after all, I am going to hand over the billet to my father, who can either give it back to him or answer it: I really and truly can't do anything about it, for I am curt when

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 19

he speaks to me, and rude when he asks me to dance, for you know, Lotte, how objectionable sugary compliments are to me,

THY PHILIPPINE.

## VI

BRUNSWICK, *May* 1806.

As Auguste is too busy to answer your dear letter herself as she wished, she has commissioned me to do so, which I am performing with true pleasure. So good or ill you must lend me a patient ear and listen to my silly chatter.

The anxious days when we trembled for dear father's life are, thank heaven, over; poor Minette, too, is recovered from a burning nervous fever, and father has started on a journey to Drieburg.<sup>1</sup> I will only picture to you our boundless joy at the festivity in honour of their recovery, and won't linger over the anxieties we felt about the peril of three beloved beings.

Only joy enters my spirit; sorrow is an alien and unwelcome guest. Besides I am a very bad sick nurse, for I was always in-

<sup>1</sup> Bad Drieburg in Westphalia.

variably ready to die of laughter at Minette's funny imaginings. But now, thank goodness, I can once more laugh and jump and sing from the bottom of my heart. In a little while I am to go with sister Auguste to Lucklum<sup>1</sup> by way of making up for the anxious spring when our house was turned into a hospital. The District Commandant has invited me himself. For the present, while father is away and Minette still too weak to do without help entirely (for she is like a little child who has to be taught to walk and speak), I must not be away for any length of time.

But in a fortnight to be united with you at Lucklum is the hope of your ever faithful

PHILIPPUS.

## VII

LUCKLUM, *July* 1806.



Wenn's im-mer, wenn's im-mer, wenn's im-mer so wär

WHAT a life it is here! Nothing but pleasure and joy reign in this cheerful circle, where

<sup>1</sup> Lucklum, an hour and a half's journey from Brunswick, was a countship of the German Order, abolished in the Westphalian period.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 21

your friend soars in ecstasy. In the morning we have long walks to the Elm; in the evenings music, when I sing a great deal to the harp, or we dance to the piano. I have won several wagers from your uncle the District Commandant, but what led to them I must tell you by word of mouth, for they are too funny.

If you were still here, my little enthusiast, I should feel the pleasure of my stay here doubled. Though Henriette H. is friendship itself towards me, she does not fill the place of my Lottie. When you drove away I was deeply depressed, and yet I could not help laughing with all my heart at Cousin Adelebsen, who came too close to your carriage out of sheer politeness, and when you started got his poor delicate face spattered with utter filth, as if he had put on a blackamoor mask. You can imagine how much the dignity of this little gentleman was hurt for the moment; my laughter wounded him so much that he was sulky towards me the whole evening, so that I was freed from his tiresome assiduity for several hours.—Ah, if the lords of creation really knew how far they removed themselves from a girl's heart by their advances. This point too we agree upon, dear Lotte. So



## 22 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

I am inwardly rejoiced to escape Herr von Lauingen's sugary compliments for a while by my absence from Brunswick, for I hardly have patience to listen when he compares my brow to the cloudless heaven and my Junonian eyes with—I don't know what, but I believe an ox. I, too, should like to draw comparisons between his intellectual features and the whole firmament, for sun, moon, and stars sparkle in them. But the other day father chid my saucy, ill-bred behaviour when I found a bouquet of the loveliest roses on my seat in the theatre and pulled them to pieces and threw the leaves on the ground. Father says it is a flattering attention when a grown-up man troubles himself about such a young, insignificant girl. Oh yes, the attention may be great if you please, but to me *offensive in the highest degree*. He persecutes me like a blow-fly; he has even announced that he is coming here. Now, then, I've been here the longest time! But enough of this distasteful affair. The day before yesterday our circle was still further enlarged by the arrival of Graf Völrاد from Vienna, who seems to be very merry and still fairly young, but already a German Lord and General.

Well, yesterday and to-day we took advantage of the fine weather for long walks to show him the lovely country. Before the morning march, however, stratagems and operations under arms in the orchard were undertaken to provide the hungry men with supplies. The Minister for War (brother-in-law Chretien or my dear *beau beau-frère*) ordered us to march off after the pillaging was complete. The girls' Amazon corps forms the van, the centre consists of heavy-laden looters, and the rearguard includes several invalided politicians, who decide about peace and war. At Bellevue à Pavillon on the Elm a halt was called, camp pitched on the grass, and the captured dainties consumed amid fun and merriment. No, I've never been so merry and gay! Guests from the neighbourhood also come; a particularly large number appeared yesterday at the Harvest Home, which was a perfectly divine entertainment. Politics here only give rise to disputes, and our immediate future seems as if it would shroud itself in a dark veil and make its overmastering power felt even in our merry surroundings. But you know I always see through a green veil that carries the colour of hope! Why, indeed, should not our

## 24 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

brave Prussians come out victorious from the bloody struggle to defend their country? Granted that the enemy's numerical superiority is considerable, still they have it in courage and spirit. You see, dear Lottie, that the epidemic of politics has infected me too. Yet I judge as the blind judge of colour.

The dinner-bell is ringing and my inner man is flabby with emptiness. Good-bye, dear pet, and remember still that amid all these delights you are ever the chief object of my thoughts.

THY PINCHEN.

## VIII

BRUNSWICK, 27th October 1806.

RAIN is followed by sunshine, joy by sorrow. How deeply we feel this!—But I must go far back to tell you, dear Lottie, in proper sequence the terrible events which have befallen us. Eleven days ago, amid our own happy party, we spent the afternoon in the mild October sunshine in the Hehns' garden, to take a cup of coffee out of doors. On the way a friend on horseback met us with the news of a Prussian victory and the utter

defeat of the French. Our joy rose to wild enthusiasm, we sang battle-songs, "La victoire est à nous, les Prussiens par leurs courage," &c., but soon hurried on our homeward way to rejoice our parents with this happy news!—Hardly had we reached the town gate when we saw the watch in restless movement, which, however, seemed no sign of rejoicing. The nearer we came to the town, the greater was the commotion, and at last we learnt—Oh, inconsolable disappointment!—that our revered Duke was mortally wounded, the whole Prussian army utterly routed at Auerstädt, the survivors either taken prisoners or put to flight in the greatest confusion!!! At home in our house everything was in the greatest upset, and my dear father in the *deepest* grief and sorrow for our beloved ruler. The evening passed in the most painful disquiet; several generals came in to dinner with us. The spare room beds were got ready; my father in turn was called away to their Highnesses, who were in the *deepest* concern about their future. For it is only to be expected that the enemy will follow on the heels of the fugitives. Next morning Prince Paul of Wirthemberg and Henry of Prussia, who had taken our house as their

## 26 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

quarters, confirmed the result of the battle. You can fancy the joy with which we received and attended to our distinguished, unfortunate guests.

Yet one would have taken these unfortunates for beggars rather than Princes' sons. For my part I had the felicity of sewing Prince Henry's sleeve on to his coat, but I could not mend his boot, which his toes had worn through. Father supplied them with clothes, linen, money, and equipment, for they had lost *everything*. While our notable guests enjoyed a few hours of sleep, we hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs for them all night long, packed up their things, as they meant to leave us at break of day, in order to join the King at Magdeburg. Till midnight strange guests, envoys, generals, &c., came into our house and out again after speaking to the Princes, and taking a little refreshment.—The old duchess had the confidence to entrust her enormously valuable jewellery to my father. This was buried in the bosom of the earth by her four Heyducs in our garden. If only the covetous enemy do not spy it out, for these trained sleuth-hounds, they say, unearth anything hidden! And even the carriers of these treasures might betray their hiding-place,

and then my father would defend them to the death. O horrid thought!

Well, on the 17th our Princes left Brunswick in flight. How many tears followed them you can imagine!—Especially grievous was the departure of the young and beautiful Duchess Marie<sup>1</sup> with her two little princes, whose birth gave rise to such glad hopes for our country. The elder, Prince Carl, looked out of the window and nodded a friendly farewell to the crowds that followed. The swift trot of the horses seemed to cheer up his childish spirits. Hardly had these beloved fugitives vanished from our eyes, when the Duchess's mother, with her two blind sons, and the Abbess of Gandersheim, the widowed Hereditary Princess and their mother, the Hereditary Princess of Orange, followed with all their court and household.

The most heartrending thing I ever expect to see was when towards evening the day before yesterday our brave Duke, bereft of his sight, his eyes shot through, was borne to the castle on a cushioned litter. Thousands of weeping townsfolk, silent as at a funeral, followed their beloved but unfortunate prince

<sup>1</sup> For the Duchess and the other members of her family named here, see Appendix No. II.

to the castle, where he immediately sent for my father to give him instructions how to act in the event of the enemy occupying the country. The Duke wishes father to ride out to meet them with the general staff and receive them amicably. As the troops have taken no active part in the war and the country has remained neutral, our dear *Pater Patriæ* hopes that he alone has fallen a victim to politics.

Father came back so shaken by the lamentable sight of the august sufferer, that he was absolutely unable to control himself. Oh! it is too dreadful for one in old age to be bereft of sight, and glory, and perhaps country. Heavily and sadly we see before us the heralds of a threatening future! Here is an end of all the lovely castles in the air my fancy raised, like the bright colours of the soap-bubbles we often used to blow. But, Pinchen, shame on your lack of spirit! Is the green veil torn to pieces already? Still, the shock of all that has happened is enough to depress the most cheerful spirit, for I must needs be insensible were I to remain unmoved at the sight of so much suffering. Every day our ears are grievously filled with the groans of the wounded, for as they drive quickly over

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 29

the rough cobble-stones they often shriek aloud. —Our queer love's courier, the bearer of this letter, will astound you! Isn't it a glorious discovery of ours at this moment when no one dares send a messenger across country, to send so faithful an emissary with the letters concealed in his collar? Send him back again soon—the faithful Mercury (we have christened him anew, for this name suits him better than Jupiter) after he has had a good rest and a full feed.

*Some days later.*

I was interrupted in my writing by a fearful uproar, and so kept back these lines in order that you, dearest pet, might not be left long in the same state of apprehension as we have been for some days. A confused tumult of Prussian fugitives hurrying through, who had succeeded in getting through the toils of the enemy or had been left behind sick or slightly wounded, spread the report of the approach of the French, who were burning and plundering as they came. This was not very inspiring news, though as our country has not acted as an enemy we hope we shall not be treated as such. Father is getting ready, according to the instructions left by the Duke, to receive the unwelcome guests and to ride out to meet



### 30 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

them with Colonel Klösterlein<sup>1</sup> and many other officers. All thoughts are fixed upon this moment with tense expectation.—A dull rolling of drums and distant trumpet-call announce the unwelcome visitors.

Our hearts beat wildly as we listened to the tramping of horses, which bore savage warriors with their long-bearded, stern faces, and their helmets with long horse-hair plumes. Captured cannon that went rattling by choked the way. Now, alas! remote suspicions assumed certainty, for hardly had our treacherous guests made their way into the town, where they had feared resistance, when they disarmed the guard at the gates, seized upon the place, and declared the soldiers prisoners of war.

My father resisted at first, and, hot with indignation, bitterly reproached the French commander Bartolemie with his base conduct. He, however, coolly replied that this was his sovereign's command and must be carried out. And we had to bow to circumstances as they were.—Our whole town has been converted

<sup>1</sup> Karl Friedrich von Klösterlein, formerly in the Saxon service, became colonel in command of the Brunswick Dragoon Regiment in 1799, entered the Westphalian service; in 1808 was commander of the Westphalian cuirassiers, 1810 commander of the 2nd military division at Brunswick, and afterwards returned to Saxony, where he died in 1821.

into a hospital, and of course care and nursing are devoted only to the victors, whose wounds are bound with lint, and our poor Prussians, for want of it, with hay. We work our fingers to the bone for our suffering brothers-in-arms. I recommend this occupation to you too, dearest. It is indeed sweet to be able to alleviate the suffering of humanity. These are the only circumstances in which I envy the rich; what advantages they have in the way of giving help, where we, with all good will, can only offer consolation and compassion.

## IX

BRUNSWICK, 1806.

THE fate of our Brunswick troops is decided, and their destiny is to be transported to France. Could it possibly have been imagined that this stern measure would be adopted, as they had not been involved in the war!! Just think of our situation, dearest Lotte, separated from our beloved father and brother, for our small means do not suffice to keep us from want; my father only draws his rations as a prisoner of war; we therefore must support ourselves by the work of our hands. Now this would be easy for us all, considering our love of

### 30 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

them with Colonel Klösterlein<sup>1</sup> and many other officers. All thoughts are fixed upon this moment with tense expectation.—A dull rolling of drums and distant trumpet-call announce the unwelcome visitors.

Our hearts beat wildly as we listened to the tramping of horses, which bore savage warriors with their long-bearded, stern faces, and their helmets with long horse-hair plumes. Captured cannon that went rattling by choked the way. Now, alas! remote suspicions assumed certainty, for hardly had our treacherous guests made their way into the town, where they had feared resistance, when they disarmed the guard at the gates, seized upon the place, and declared the soldiers prisoners of war.

My father resisted at first, and, hot with indignation, bitterly reproached the French commander Bartolémie with his base conduct. He, however, coolly replied that this was his sovereign's command and must be carried out. And we had to bow to circumstances as they were.—Our whole town has been converted

<sup>1</sup> Karl Friedrich von Klösterlein, formerly in the Saxon service, colonel in command of the Brunswick Dragoon Regiment entered the Westphalian service; in 1808 was commander of the Westphalian cuirassiers, 1810 commander of the 2nd military brigade of Brunswick, and afterwards returned to Saxony, where

into a hospital, and of course care and nursing are devoted only to the victors, whose wounds are bound with lint, and our poor Prussians, for want of it, with hay. We work our fingers to the bone for our suffering brothers-in-arms. I recommend this occupation to you too, dearest. It is indeed sweet to be able to alleviate the suffering of humanity. These are the only circumstances in which I envy the rich; what advantages they have in the way of giving help, where we, with all good will, can only offer consolation and compassion.

## IX

BRUNSWICK, 1806.

THE fate of our Brunswick troops is decided, and their destiny is to be transported to France. Could it possibly have been imagined that this stern measure would be adopted, as they had not been involved in the war!! Just think of our situation, dearest Lotte, separated from our beloved father and brother, for our small means do not suffice to keep us from want; my father only draws his rations as a prisoner of war; we therefore must support ourselves by the work of our hands. Now this would be easy for us all, considering our love of

### 34 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

August.<sup>1</sup> So now all black clouds of the tempest are overpast, and once more the sun shines forth everywhere.

Our brothers are young enough to enjoy their enforced visit to France, grief and pain though the parting is to me. *Le voyage forme la jeunesse*; they will cultivate their minds, and a language which, alas! is necessary for them now-a-days!!

You ask about my troublesome love affair, dear Lotte. Well, there still seems to be something wrong there. Nevertheless, everything seems to be clearing up pleasantly.

You know that Herr von Lauingen has been paying attentions to me for some time, and these attentions annoy me; and I have had various little admonitions from father about this, so that my lips were often kinder than the icy covering of my heart, which will *never* thaw for him. This maybe makes him imagine he has ground for hope; in short, he has employed his brother-in-law, Herr von Strombeck, to plead with me for him. I referred him to my father, as a girl of sixteen could not decide on so important a step. Of course, I also spoke to mother, and she bade me again

<sup>1</sup> August von Münchhausen, brother of Christian and Charlotte von Münchhausen.

consult my heart. This, indeed, tells me, after patient examination, that I would rather hear him than see him, for he plays the piano *beautifully*, but I can't look at him while he is playing. Well, father must decide—what he wills and wishes is best for me. If I have got to be married, well, then, it is all the same to me which of the lords of creation I get, for to this moment *all* are *indifferent* to me. You would cut me short, dearest Lotte, to accuse me of untruthfulness, and transport me to Courland. No; that, too, is all done with now! I have it on sure authority that while he was here Herr von Korf did not hide his liking for me from his mother, but she considered us far too young, and pledged her son to wait two years and think it over, which I don't in the least blame her for, as the happiness of the only son who remains to her out of eleven children is very close to her heart.—Now this throws some light upon various talks with him which to me were obscure. The two years have now gone, of which his friend G. reminded me the other day, but I replied quite frankly that I could never make up my mind to go so far away from home and parents. So now the affair is done with, and not a stone, but a rock, has

### 36 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

been rolled off my heart. Still, if only now I don't stumble over stones again and fall into the net of Herr von Lauingen, for I think myself marriage is a *detestable* slavery. To-day, I fly like a bird through the open air, and as a wife I think my lot is like a cockchafer whose flight is kept in check on a thread by a wilful boy.

If only I could ask advice of a married friend! My sisters are too old for me! Ah, could I talk to you about it! Were a carriage at my command I should surprise you. The weather is inviting enough for a pleasure trip of that sort. Oh, could I cleave the air, there would come to thee on the wings of friendship

THY PHILIPPINCHEN.

*Some days later!!*

Father is back, and promises us a pleasant stay.—Our nearest relations' place is now Cöthen. Uncle Cornberg<sup>1</sup> is Master of the Household there; Uncle Wedell,<sup>2</sup> Chamberlain, whose son is in the Guards, and his eldest daughter Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess. The conditions, too, are more favourable than

<sup>1</sup> Brother of Frau von Griesheim.

<sup>2</sup> Hans Wilhelm von Wedell, brother-in-law of General von Griesheim.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 37

could have been expected in these grievous times. The salary is 2500 reichsthaler a year, besides the keep of six horses. Unwilling though we are to quit the place we have lived in till now, we shall at least have no *hateful* Frenchmen there, and this is incalculable gain. Unfortunately, we cannot follow our dear father at once, for he can find no suitable house for us.

The departure of our brothers means a great deal to me. Although they will not be roasted or eaten or hanged, still I cannot suppress a sense of mourning. Werner is still so young, the imprisonment<sup>1</sup> so oppressive, and the fatal flighty nation so inconstant!! At this moment of parting there occurred such a ridiculous incident that made me laugh till tears of laughter mingled with tears of weeping, and we parted merrily from each other. More of this when we can talk.

Kisses on your dimples from

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XI

BRUNSWICK, 16 June 1807.

AGAIN an opportunity and no letter. No, that is insulting and demands vengeance!

<sup>1</sup> The officers were in part left free on parole, in part interned in the fortress of Metz; the troops disbanded.



### 38 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

My pen shall take the field against you again ; if everything is at war, pens alone shall not have a truce. Good-natured creature that I am, I write my fingers to the bone, and remain firm in my resolution to tell you *everything* that goes on in me and about me, and for that I get no answer ! Now, at least I will cool my spirit by reporting letters from our dear prisoners, and telling you of their contents only that they have met with an unexpectedly friendly reception in Metz, and in some houses are regarded as members of the family. I will say nothing of their travelling adventures—this is my punishment for you, little sinner.

I have always noticed that true friendship vanished with the Golden Age, and I alone am still so desperately Old-Frankish, yet my faithful heart must be modernised with the time. Since father's departure we have been living rather monotonously, except for some excursions.—A family of Von Treuenfels from Breslau, who were warmly commended to us by your brother Carl, and are staying at Sierstorpf's, attach themselves to us with unreserved friendliness.—The old general has fixed upon Brunswick as his headquarters on account of his wounds. The eldest daughter, clever

beyond words, is very entertaining, and often makes war with her tongue against the French generals, who let her say anything to them, and combat her contention with French gallantry. The son, a handsome man, seems reflective. Yesterday we spent a disagreeable day at Lauingen.<sup>1</sup> After declining several invitations we were *forced* at last after pressing requests to accept one fixed for yesterday.

At eight o'clock in the morning we met the Von Strombeck family there, were received very politely by the master of the house, and conducted into his beautiful park, where a choice breakfast filled up the void in our ill-used inwards. Herr von Lauingen invited me to do the honours, but in confusion at having to play hostess I behaved with such *gauche* awkwardness that sister Minette took over the business. The furnishing of the house, especially the rooms of his late wife, is very tasteful. But here too fresh confusion awaited me, which I must keep till I see you. Moreover the teasing of his brother- and sister-in-law put me out of all patience, so that I held on convulsively to Minette's arm and never let go the whole day, for I saw clearly enough the proposal implied in the whole of this invitation.

<sup>1</sup> The estate of Lauingen, near Königsutter.

## 40 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

After *déjeuner* he accompanied me in several operatic songs, which I performed in mortal anxiety, as the audience gradually dispersed and I was in constant dread of a *tête-à-tête*, had not my guardian angel Minette remained at my side. His tenderness plagues me even in the presence of others—what would it be without witnesses? And it seems he *will* not notice from my behaviour that I do not like him.—If he thinks to bribe me with his lovely property and other attractions, he is very much mistaken. These have no value in my eyes!! I am capable of anything in obedience to my dear parents, but for no other motives will I sacrifice my liberty. And the inequality of the ages—44 and 16!! His talent at the piano is admirable; he recently composed for a Baron von Cramm of Samleben a symphony to a musical box, made by himself, which is really pretty. He has a splendid library too. That is all very pleasant, but !!! — — —

Nowadays we often have French balls here, where one *may* not be exclusive, and at which the company dances by *day* to a violin like madmen let loose from an asylum! Dancing formerly was my special element; now it matters *with whom* one dances.—These dancers irritate me like insects; while they have

plagued us, and pestered us, and worn us out with their imposts<sup>1</sup> all day long. In the evening we are to dance to their piping!

Yes, dear Lotte, they suck our poor country dry, like a squeezed lemon, and throw us away like the useless core, when nothing is left but the skin. Discontent is *universal*; whoever complains gets arrested, whoever resists is beheaded!! at least peeled. Occasionally hope glimmers a little, like the sun among troubled clouds, but even this seems an invention of evil, in order to make disillusion the more grievous.—If the fateful little drum rolls for them to march away, and one hopes to breathe freely, immediately the troops enter in double force from the opposite side.

My dear good father also does not seem content; he cannot get used to being without us. Still he has got no dwelling-place, and we have not sold our house here. Imagine, dear Lotte, we are now taking riding lessons from Chief Riding Sergeant Hammel in our garden, at the back of the house. Father is going to buy us a lovely horse at Cöthen, so that we can ride with him there. It is *incredible* fun for me.

THY PINETTE.

<sup>1</sup> The war-rate for Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel amounted to 5,625,000 francs.

## XII

BRUNSWICK.

THE weekly bulletin says all is well and cheerful, for we have had the unexpected delight of seeing my dearly beloved father in our midst for some hours. The Duke of Cöthen is sending him as Envoy-Extraordinary to Cassel, there to do honour to the young King of the card pack. The few hours of his stay passed all too swiftly in loving chat! My father told many interesting things about Paris, where he recently spent some weeks. In a few days we are to have the joy of seeing him again for a longer spell, as our house has been sold at the original price to Jakobsohn, and for this reason father's presence is required.

The Treuenfels family left us the day before yesterday, which we felt a good deal, as they spent almost the whole of every day with us.

Dear Lotte, you know that I must open every cranny of my heart to you, so I will tell you of a tragic event, which will cause you as much astonishment as it did me perplexity.—Fräulein Minette von Treuenfels called me into the next room a few hours

before our parting, because her brother had something to say to me. I skipped in, somewhat curious but unsuspecting, whereupon descended a veritable tempest of lover's language, burst upon burst, dear Lotte. But my heart was not touched ; it must be furnished with a lightning-conductor, for the burning strokes all passed coldly over me. I can't understand it, for he is a good-looking, agreeable young man, and how expressive his name ! Yet I feel nothing but—pity.—He was so exasperated by my coldness that he threatened to shoot himself (a cousin of his, Captain von Treuenfels, six months ago at Aschersleben put a bullet through his head for this cause). The sister, whose love for her brother is infinite, came too and besought me so affectingly with a thousand tears not to refuse unconditionally, asked for a time to think it over ; perhaps the icy crust of my heart would melt, and I should feel more for him in absence than now when I am too surprised. The sister often told me that her brother was passionately in love, but I had not the least suspicion that I was the luckless object !!

But here I must conclude. Hurry is great ; my invalid pen shows me its teeth, so only once more the assurance that my heart—if

#### 44 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

haply I possess one—only beats for thee, my darling,

THY PHILLIS.

I open my letter once more to tell you that the French Governor, Rivaud, has just paid a call on mother to beg for a private interview. Now that he has left her she informs us: King Jerome, as a special mark of his favour, has appointed father General of Brigade, and informed the Governor of this by an estafette. As father himself is now in Cassel, this despatch will be given him there, and mother only adds, by the estafette, a few words of dissuasion, making clear her wish *not to accept* this offer. You may fancy, dearest Lotte, in what tense expectancy we are.—But our wishes are unanimous—rather stay under the old conditions at Cöthen than enter on new uncertainties. The King's reputation is *altogether too bad*. But my clear-sighted fatherkin knows best what tends to our happiness. Here, too, I trust in God, or in my clever father.

My letter is a real hotch-potch; in it I express joy, surprise, and strained expectancy. Let a little resting-place on your rosy lips be begged in thought by

THY PHILIPPUS.

## XIII

BRUNSWICK, 28 *Dec.* 1807.

How shall I begin to clothe my feelings of sorrow and joy in words! Yes, dear Lotte, sooner than we expected the riddle of uncertainty has been solved, and a stumbling-block in our path has been rolled away over which we should undoubtedly have fallen had not Providence reached out a hand to us. Yesterday I was sitting most cheerfully at the piano to sing myself a merry song, when my father—yes, dear Lotte, my pen is making no mistake—my father, somewhat perturbed, enters the room. To leap into his arms and with a thousand kisses to prevent a word from coming was a single act. But this time my caresses were unanswered; he was remarkably serious and I somewhat ashamed.—Mother's astonishment at seeing him again so soon after his departure, four days ago, gave him words to describe to us with quivering voice the shameful treatment he had met with in Cassel.—On announcing himself for an audience of the King in his Duke's name, he received notice to leave the town within two



## 46 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

hours. Suspecting a mistake, for he was unconscious of any wrong-doing, he hurried to General Hammerstein, and then learnt from him the whole proceeding. The rage of the King, when mother's letter was brought to him by the estafette and translated, for it contained references to the Government, and various warnings *not* to accept this proposal inconsiderately. The King, it was reported, was beside himself with anger, and asseverated that the family which he had been willing to overwhelm with benefits should now feel his vengeance. (Mother was designated for Lady of the Palace, and one of us girls as Maid of Honour to the Queen.) The petty revenge consists in our having to leave Brunswick within a week, before the arrival of the little gold-crest.

Oh, how glad I am to have safely escaped the snares which, perhaps, were spread for us in this intriguing Court. But now fancy, dearest Lotte, what a vast deal has to be done in this little time. I shudder to think of it, and still more of a move in mid-winter.

Thy happy but *exiled*

PHILIPPINE.

## XIV

CÖTHEN, 17 January 1808.

FULFILLING your dear request and the wish of my own heart, I am writing to you immediately after my arrival, and employing moreover the first moment of repose after a *fatiguing* journey and a Court masked ball in honour of the young Duchess of Cöthen's<sup>1</sup> birthday.

On the 14th, at eight o'clock in the evening, Cöthen had the felicity of including us within its walls! Our joy at seeing our best-beloved father again and being re-united in one home after a year's separation was *very great*. On the evening of our arrival, too, we made acquaintance with our girl cousins and cousin Albert von Wedell.<sup>2</sup> A *handsomer* set of brothers and sisters I never saw!! I had already heard a great deal of talk about Cousin Albert in Magdeburg, where he formerly was in

<sup>1</sup> The young Duchess, so called because the widow of the late Prince was still living. Caroline Frederike von Nassau-Usingen was the consort of the reigning duke, Augustus Christian Friedrich. He was a warm admirer of Napoleon, and introduced the Code Napoléon and the French constitution. The dowager Duchess, Louise Charlotte Frederica, was a Princess of Holstein-Glücksburg, born March 5, 1749, and widow of the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, Karl Georg Leberecht, who fell at Semlin, October 17, 1798.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix III.

## 48 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

garrison, and in Cöthen, from Cousin Jettchen Griesheim, so that I pictured him as a fine dandy, for it not seldom happens, they say, that the good looks of young gentlemen do but purchase the corruption of their morals! Before seeing him I was *prejudiced against him*. But his frank spirit and the chivalry of his character apparent in his noble countenance made me soon repent of my premature judgment. —

At yesterday's masquerade we were presented at Court and received graciously. As we did not dance, on account of our mourning for Uncle Wedell, we were more or less in the care of my cousins this first evening, and they made us privately acquainted with the people who were dancing. The ladies please me on the average more than the gentlemen, who almost all have an eccentric exterior, though I think them worth mentioning. Herr von Britzke, nephew of our old Tilau, dances like an eel, and waves his legs and arms about him; a Herr von Behr, like an elephant, for he stamps till the floor shakes under his feet.— Herr von Rohr goes round like a living note of interrogation to ask some question of the ladies, amongst others, of me, "Where my father's estates are situated?" My answer of course was, "In the moon, as we possessed

nothing on earth."—Herr von Sterney's sugary speeches nauseated me. Be content, dear Lotte, with this weak presentment of the smallest part of the gentlemen of the aristocracy here. Apart from our cousins the Griesheims or Wedells, who naturally have all the more attraction for us as compared with this mob, I find nothing out of the way here. —Cöthen is certainly not Brunswick; this we feel deeply, though we shall live an agreeable cheerful life in our family trefoil, for now after the utter destruction of all our ties, Cöthen is the home of our family.

My Uncle Cornberg, a lovable man, is Master of the Household here; Uncle Griesheim<sup>1</sup> lives quite close to us; Cousin Minette<sup>2</sup> is lady-in-waiting; and Cousin Caroline,<sup>2</sup> adopted as an orphan by my parents, and brought to live in our house as a sister. This circle of relations makes our circumstances here very *agreeable*. You know me, dear Lotte; I suck honey from every bee! A smiling future always lies before me; while others see black clouds in the heavens I discover a rainbow with a thousand hues.

<sup>1</sup> Uncle Griesheim, brother of Philippine's father, Karl Wilhelm Ernst, *b.* 1756, *d.* 1815. Owner of the estate of Pöthen; *m.* Henriette Winkler of Dölitz. Chamberlain to Queen Luise.

<sup>2</sup> Minette and Caroline, sisters of Albert von Wedell.

## 50 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Nature has furnished me with a most joyous spirit!—Just imagine, dear Lotte, I found a letter awaiting me here from Herr von Treuenfels, in which he writes that some day he will appear as a beggar to entreat my love. I will give the good holy pilgrim *instant* answer, for I am more than ever resolved *not* to be his, and, thank God, I am not yet bound in fetters; that would make me *most unhappy* now. Farewell, beloved,

THY PHILIPPINE.

Yesterday was the birthday of my cousin Albert, who carried himself with great distinction, and was given a charming present by their Highnesses.

## XV

CÖTHEN, 26 April 1808.

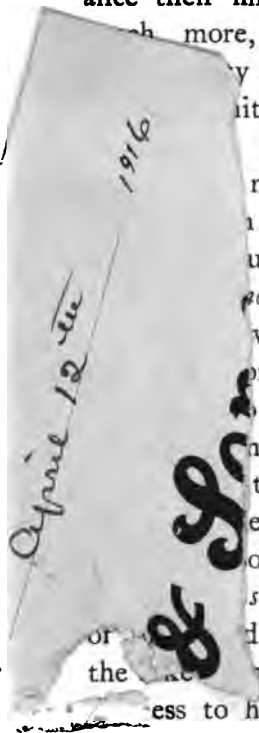
FORGIVE me, that in the tempest of joy and delight I have been forsworn and failed to answer your letter at once, but we live here in a constant exchange of entertainment—now comes a visit, then we accept an invitation—for I hardly know a more sociable place. In the evenings when we are not asked out, *all* the relations gather at our house, we play, sing,

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 51

and dance, and our only regret is the swift flight of time. Our cousins—the elder, Carl von Wedell is here too—are really very attractive and interesting. If at first only their exterior attracts, on nearer acquaintance their fine qualities enchain one ever so

much more, for the younger one especially is so gay and genial, and with these rare qualities great goodness of heart and

The allusions in this letter, make me ashamed, and I hardly bring the name of Albert again. He is shut out from among my sisters because of the most perfect likeness of his mother, which gives beyond all description; so I am proud of his preference, which I regard as a resemblance! Still I should be ungrateful were I to respond with the *many* kindly attentions which I receive on every occasion. Believe me, it is so vain as to imagine that a man so far above me in so many gifts of mind and heart would single me out for notice on my insignificant personality. The resemblance to his mother is so *universally* recognised that any who knew her and sees me is astounded; and so my features vividly re-awaken the memory of her dead self. He



## 52 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

even finds a resemblance in our handwriting, for you must know that he sets me essays, such as portraits of various characters, descriptions of travel, &c., in French and German. His satisfaction then is my reward, so that I take great pains. He also reads me beautiful poems, and specially dwells on the finest passages to mould my taste. Ah! love—*friendship*—I would say, is the best teacher. So too he encourages my turn for singing by the attention with which he listens to me. He has much talent himself, and loves music passionately. Nowadays I always fill up the hours far more usefully than of old, when I dawdled away the loveliest time of the day. At five o'clock in the morning, when he marches out for drill, a friendly greeting rewards the resolution that made me flee so early from sweet sleep. Or if the weather is dull, I hurry to the top floor to hear the notes of the hunting-horn from his lips, for usually he greets the break of day with a choral which sounds very grand, and is seconded by his teacher. This music lifts me much nearer the Creator than the most solemn church service; involuntarily I have to fold my hands, bend my knees, and send my prayers to the Highest.

Dear Lottie, don't laugh at this rhapsody,

in old days I was not so reverent. I have become *far, far* better by the presence of this splendid example. Now for the first time I perceive how ignorant I was; the scales fall from my eyes and a light, quenched all too soon, now springs up in my brain. Before, I only thought of dancing, dress, and amusement, now these are only worth anything to me under certain conditions. Now I could busy myself all day long for him and with him; the hours when he is not there creep as slowly as if a drag were put on the wheels of time, and when he is there, it flies at express speed.

But forgive your chattering friend with your usual long-suffering patience. Oh, could I but talk to you, I have so much to say to you, and yet do not exactly know what. I have really put all my thoughts on paper, and yet my heart is so burdened. I almost believe I am ill, for I do not sleep and eat as I did, and am so extraordinarily distraught. Could this come from over-study, for my summer palace is converted to a study, where I sit like a bookworm among my papers? My writing materials, where of old the ink was mildewed and the quills split, he now keeps in the most perfect order.



## 54 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

I am looking forward to a letter from you, darling, with real longing, and am counting the days impatiently till the completion of the month, at the end of which I shall have this joy.

You tell me in your last letter that Herr von Lauingen has gone bankrupt in money and mind. I heard of his mournful fate with deep grief, though I thank Providence that I am neither his betrothed nor his wife. Oh, my fate hung then on a silken thread !

You ask after the development of the Treu-  
enfels affair. Although I have expressed myself clearly enough, he still writes to me from Königsberg, tells of his situation, &c. My father's advice is that I should reply to his sister, not to him.

What is the good of this correspondence which I have not the least wish to pursue, for I thank God I am not bound by overhaste or compassion, for now bitter repentance would follow ; no, I am free as the lark which soars singing from earth to the blue heaven.

Thy distraught but not less *happy*

PHINCHEN.

## XVI

CÖTHEN, 1 June 1808.

5 o'clock in the morning.

Now that I have slept out the light sleep of toil-weary exhaustion, attended by a happy dream, I march to the field, weapon in hand, to challenge you to a pen-fight. How shall I interpret this silence? Perhaps jealousy! In your last letter, indeed, there appeared some shrewd hints *about new friends* who had insinuated themselves into my heart and driven out the old friend.

Ah no, dear Lotte, the feeling for Albert is different; I do not rightly know what to call it. I have *great* confidence in him, and yet cannot tell him what I feel. I am so glad and yet confused in his presence; if he is not there, my thoughts are with him.

I take a book and try to read, and catch my eyes looking not at the book but at the corner of the churchyard which he must turn to come to us. If he is close now, I feel it in the double beating of my heart without seeing him; when I see his dear figure, I get red, confused, self-conscious, and want to run away: yet stay all the same. He, too, is

## 56 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

reserved and no longer so merry and unconstrained as before! I think we have both got the ague! —

If only you were here, dear Lotte! You were ever my most faithful guide; now my step is so faltering I need a counsellor and know not to whom I should turn, for his sisters and mine give a wrong interpretation to our friendly intercourse.

They think Albert is—oh, I am ashamed to utter the words—in love with me.

At first I was teased by them; his sister Minette called me a heart-stealer, because I had stolen her brother's head and heart, told me that after he had seen me for the first time, he exclaimed on the way home, "The one or none." Now then I am mocked and shamed, nay, even slandered and talked about. For the sisters want to marry him to the rich Fräulein von Bieren, who is supposed to be much interested in him. It is only natural that this ignoble behaviour raises a sharp barrier between us, and sets me at variance with myself; nevertheless I feel the further I withdraw from him the more I am drawn *to him*, for he stays ever constant to himself, pays me his attentions when opportunity offers, and grows dearer to me daily. And I too let all

slights pass over me, for I suffer these little hurts *for his sake*, and if he is content with me the dislike of his sisters troubles me not. —

Our mutual written exercises are however suspended, because petty minds suspect a *clandestine* correspondence. Indeed, that is not all; often I am so regaled with snips that I could trim a dress with them. Tears are my weapon of defence. Ah, Lotte, what has become of my merry heart! Calumnies and doubts hurt me, and yet I am often happy as I never was before. Solve me this paradox, *envy* and sympathise with

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XVII

CÖTHEN, 26 June 1808.

BE clasped a thousand times to this happy heart, my dearest Lotte. How everything about me has changed! heaven has opened to me! I am *too happy*. All doubts are resolved, for I *love* and am *beloved*! Ah! in these words lies utter felicity! I must write you everything, to have a vent for my feelings. But no, it can only be felt, not clothed in words!! The conduct of our sisters brought

## 58 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

our feelings ever nearer; mutual confidences and laments over their unkind treatment gave our thoughts words.

He had kept silent till now from a sense of duty and tried to avoid me, but doubts as to my returning his love almost killed him; only let him have certainty, then he would part from me for ever. Oh, let me always be a little proud of possessing the *noblest, best, most virtuous* heart! You can't imagine how good he is, how splendid his principles are! He is so richly endowed in everything!

Yesterday, dearest—the day I was born into the world—when I kept my eighteenth birthday, he told me, and so I began a new, *happier* existence, for the whole creation seems to me ennobled. Inexperienced fool that I was, I long took for friendship what was the highest form of love. O Lotte, were you but the witness of my happiness! I could proclaim it to the whole world, and yet I must be silent, for nobody is to know about our love, least of all his sisters, who are making other plans for their brother's future and assuredly tried to separate me from him, and that I cannot get over.

At this moment no one, I am sure, except the highest person of this townlet—the watch-

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 59

man in the tower—and myself, *the happiest of mortals*, is awake in this little spot; yet I seek rest in vain, my spirit is too deeply stirred. Still, my nocturnal writing must be unusual, for the midnight bell has tolled long since. So, then, I will try to dream of him and you, for love and friendship are close akin. Thy unspeakably happy

PHILIPPINE.

## XVIII

CÖTHEN, 2 August 1808.

DEAREST LOTTIE,—To think that in all the range of language I can find no single word to express my happiness to you! My last letter began by telling you about it pretty clearly, but now it increases every day, and my felicity reached the utmost perfection by the arrival of my dear brother Werner, who took us most joyfully by surprise a few days ago. During his two years' absence he has altered so much to his advantage that we scarcely knew him; he has become a handsome, tall, well-set-up man. The German downrightness of his character is now united to French courtesy; he speaks this language in a masterly way, bears himself with dignity, the uniform

## 60 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

of the Guards<sup>1</sup> suits him beautifully; in a word, he pleases one and all here. Albert and he are the best of friends. My cousin Minette, who is engaged herself, seems to notice our affection and no longer to oppose it, for she quite often gives us an opportunity of talking together alone. Were it possible, he would be dearer to me every day, for every day I discover more precious qualities in him. He often entertains a whole company with his witty remarks, and withal he is full of good-will and good humour. Even his modest reserved demeanour towards me makes him precious to me. For you know how hateful sugary emprossement and clumsy compliments are to me. For love does not consist of tender languishings and being ready to blow out the light of life like heroes of romance. Oh no, this kind is too theatrical. I love the natural, and his unstudied confession that I am his *first love* and shall *ever* be is worth more to me than a thousand exquisite sentimental words. The glorious season and the presence of my brother and cousin Griesheim often give occasion for picnics. One excursion to the Petersberg<sup>2</sup> and a trip to Dessau will

<sup>1</sup> Werner was in the Westphalian service.

<sup>2</sup> Petersberg, near Halle, an isolated mass of porphyry, that is visible from almost all over Anhalt.

remain unforgettable. In the evening we went to the Comedy, where "The Knitting-Needles" was given. When the play was over we drove back in a basket-chaise by the light of the friendly moon, who was the silent witness of our happiness.

Judge me not too severely, dear Lolotte, and give me not too wise counsels, for should you forbid our hearts to love one another, they would also cease to beat. And what duty do I thereby run counter to? Ah, in spirit I hear you say, "the duty to your parents." This thought alone could rob me of my cheerfulness! But he himself is their very darling, so that they will find it natural—for I share my parents' likings so entirely—that he is the chosen one of my heart, too! You are my one and only confidante, and my Heavenly Father—He approves my choice, for I feel myself drawn to Him more thankfully than ever; indeed I have grown much more religious, better and more virtuous, since I have loved the best of mortals and been assured of his answering love.

His views about the future and his belief in the union of parted souls is set so firmly in him that, had I been wavering on this point, he would have convinced me. He likes to talk



## 62 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

of this subject, little as he is serious otherwise.

Altogether he often gives my thoughts words, for he speaks so completely out of my soul ; if, however, we are sometimes of different opinions, he tries to support his side and I mine, and these little differences always give new material for conversation, so that we are never poverty-stricken for words, and we always have more to say to each other than the swift flight of time allows. My happiness would be vastly increased if you knew this beloved ideal ! But no ; since our likings are ever the same, this also might prove our taste at one, and I be the victim of it, for this your Philippine would not survive.

## XIX

*10th October 1808.*

I SEE myself overtaken by adversities before I had time to get a clear notion of the dark side of life and love, my dearest Lotte ! The most mournful thing that can befall lovers is—parting—this, I write it with faltering hand, is hanging over us. I had already resolved, out of childlike obedience to my parents, who noted our affection with disfavour, to part

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 63

from my Albert, to seek a refuge with you, dear Lotty, and find consolation in the friendship of the poor. But Albert was beside himself at this project, gave me his word of honour that, if I went away, he would not remain twenty-four hours, and would pursue me though it were to the end of the world. Never before did I hear this passionate language from his lips, and yet his love found utterance in every word. Nevertheless he would not consent to a separation. He promised to avoid me, if I wished it, out of a sense of duty to my parents. In the midst of this lively discussion we were spied upon by the secret police (his sister) and had to break off.—One of the Wedell girls was for several weeks with her brother Karl at their place Kriegsdorf; now that she is back, we have one keen watcher the more. Albert loves this brother *inexpressibly*, and has never before hidden anything from him; he is quiet, almost meditative, and seems also to combat some secret grief, so that *he* at least sympathises most deeply with us, and is most *helpful* and kind towards us.

My eyes are closing. Sleep better and more quietly than

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XX

CÖTHEN, 8th December 1808.

AFTER the struggle between duty and love, resistance and obedience, the sun of happiness has again risen upon us, and we have warmed ourselves a little in his beams.

In consequence of an invitation to Aunt Griesheim at Pöthen, Minette, Line and I set forth on November 27th in the company of my beloved Albert (who, as squire of honour, never left our carriage). The oppression of the town and the memory of all the disagreeables lately experienced there stayed behind in Cöthen, and the most rose-coloured mood accompanied us, jokes, singing, and laughter shortened the pleasure-trip, and a friendly welcome maintained this happy tone for the first days of our arrival; but on the third morning my Albert got orders from the Duke to betake himself to one of his country houses in order to receive several French generals. That was an end of pleasure and joy for me, and the pain to me of being unable to let anything of this appear was *intolerable*. I only found relief in solitude, where his beloved image floated around me.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 65

French billetings multiplied our plagues, so that we were glad when the week was over, and I was again united to my heart's beloved in Cöthen. After this *short* separation, we naturally agreed that we could not endure a *longer* one. — Had my good sisters warned me before with considerate, gentle representations of the dangers that threatened me, it would perhaps have been in time; now I know there is no going back; this heart beats for *him* alone until the day it shall cease to beat. Farewell, my dear, and pray for thy Philippine that she may *never* be parted from her Albert.

### XXI

CÖTHEN.

THIS letter follows its predecessor very quickly, dearest Lotte! and yet within this little space there lies an eternity for me. The joy of meeting again after a few days' separation betrayed our feelings; a heavy storm gathered about us, whose blows did not pass us coldly by. Bitter recriminations on the part of my sisters and gentle reproaches from my father, which pierced my inmost soul, troubled all my contentment.

My Albert was given to understand that he

E

## 66 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

was no longer a welcome guest in our house ; he therefore avoided it, and we saw each other still only under observation and constraint. When he approached me my demeanour was reserved and cold ; there was no more chance of connected conversation. The signal-glances of our eyes were but a weak substitute ; several misunderstandings arose ; in my embittered mood I did him wrong sometimes. There was a masquerade to be given, at which I was not allowed to be his partner in a Tyrolese quadrille. He was hurt, dispirited, and asked leave of the Duke to be transferred to Rosslau,<sup>1</sup> which was granted him. — What I suffer from this, God in heaven only knows. —

The day of the masquerade came, and *he* was *splendid* as a Tyrolese, and danced to universal admiration. Oh, how I envied his partner ! — — I was dressed up as a pilgrim with Fräulein von L. to collect money for the suffering poor in the hard winter. Albert often saw me before talking secretly to this lady, and besought me earnestly not to associate with this frivolous lady and never to show myself in public with her, which indeed I

<sup>1</sup> Rosslau, a short hour from Dessau, is situated on the Elbe, and famous for the strong bridge over the Elbe, which was fired by the retreating Prussians on 18th October 1806.

could no longer avoid, as everything had been agreed upon and her dress as an old pilgrim already made. I had kept this secret from Albert in order to surprise him.

Now my object was attained and I was bitterly punished, for Albert was so angry at seeing me appear in public before hundreds of our own people and strangers on the arm of this frivolous lady that he did not look at me the whole evening, and did not dance with me once. He went mutely with his partner, sat by her at supper, and after supper disappeared. Oh, this was the unhappiest day of my life! — — — —

Next morning he had gone to Trebnitz without saying good-bye, but in the evening came back to us. I proposed a game of *whist-à-deux* as usual; he accepted the invitation with seeming indifference, but his cold words, which only referred to the game, cut me to the heart. I was so upset that I could only answer with suppressed tears. Suddenly he rushed out of the room and I in terror after him, for I was afraid something had happened to him. He seized my hand eagerly, kissed it a thousand times, and vanished through the street door. I stood as if annihilated. — Could this strange behaviour be repentance

## 68 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

for having broken one poor heart and given the preference to another?

The masquerade partner, dazzled by his preference, pursues him like his shadow. May not his vanity be touched thereby and prove victorious? Oh, dear Lotte, this thought leaves me no rest. I am in a terrible condition, neither sleep nor eat, cry all night long, and no longer know myself. Can it be the Furies of jealousy that pursue me so agonisingly? I know not. I feel myself unceasingly agitated, as though a thousand serpents were gnawing at my heart. His indifference I cannot endure; it brings me to despair! — — — — Oh, and he is not happy! his features bear the deepest trouble; colours once bright have disappeared. I have grown mighty thin also, and with this *en bon point* I have lost all my mirth. Oh, I would gladly bear all I have so often complained of before; what are reproaches, calumnies, ill-treatment, and the most bitterly cruel words compared with this loss! My head burns; tears veil my sight. Perhaps I shall come to you soon, beloved, then pity but do not repulse

THY POOR PHILIPPINE.

## XXII

CÖTHEN.

How the scenes of our pilgrimage here below change at every step! To-day we are treading on rose-leaves, and next morning our foot is painfully torn by invisible thorns! Oh, dear Lotte, what I have *suffered* all this time! Still I have come victorious out of this struggle and now am cheerful again. To make myself intelligible to you, dear Lotte, I must cast a troubled glance back over the past days. Only one who has learnt to resign, they say, is worthy to possess. Of a truth I have learnt to resign *much, very much* in this time, for I believed I was no longer loved by Albert, and this brought me almost to despair; but now all misunderstandings have been cleared up; he stands before me justified and more lovable than ever. I alone have given cause for mistrust! He took my apparent connection with Fräulein von L. for frivolity, and my friendship with President von Hommer (who is much interested in sister Louise, and apparently would like to gain me as advocate), for inconstancy. Albert assured me just now that he had never shown greater firmness of character, for he was in a state often bordering on madness, and he had—



## 70 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

oh, horrid thought!—often made up his mind—No, I can scarcely put the words on paper—to leave me for ever!!! Oh, how blind is love! Our sunken features and the paleness of our cheeks, indeed, showed rather the inner anguish than a happy love, which I ascribed to him for Demoiselle G. and *he to me* for Herr von Hommer. Enough, the resolution to leave Cöthen became easier for me since I must renounce his love. I hurried to my dear father to let him know my determination and the confession of my unconquerable affection. My father was horror-struck at my condition, for I was struggling against a fainting fit, with chattering teeth and scarcely with control of my senses. He regarded my situation not harshly, but firmly, yet kindly. He did not even blame my attraction to Albert's spirit and bodily excellences, but found it natural instead that universal regard should be paid to him and that he should be preferred to other young people, and added, "You see, dear child, that I have *nothing* to say against Albert's personality, but in regard to means, the goal of your wishes can never be attained, for the means which Albert can look forward to hereafter are not enough to support a *poor* wife. And so I expect it of Albert's right-mindedness to

give you up and consent to a speedy separation. Accordingly I will accompany you to Brunswick in a day or two." The obstacle pointed out by my father had *never* entered my mind, and altogether I had thought my father would be far more indignant at the confession of my love. I began to conceive hope for the future, when Albert's reserved demeanour, my voluntary parting came upon me like a hundredweight. I wept, so that my father tried in vain to quiet me by suggesting every possible consolation. Our departure was fixed for the day after to-morrow, when my father was expected at your brother's. There was a Court ball in the evening, and my father wished me to appear to take leave of the company. Albert asked me for the polonaise, which *formerly* we *always* danced together, but had not for several balls.

I told him with faltering voice that I was to leave Cöthen the next morning. He changed colour, spoke not a word, and at the end of the dance left the room. I, terrified at this, was full of anxiety, but to hide my feelings from the eyes of the assembly went on dancing a quick waltz with the Prince of Pless<sup>1</sup> without stopping till breath failed me,

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Pless, Friedrich Ferdinand, *b.* 1769, *d.* 1830, who had his title from the lordship of Pless, the junior branch of the house of Anhalt-Köthen. He succeeded the Duke.

## 72 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

when I was startled by the piercing cry of the Demoiselle G. who uttered the name "Albert." This dear name from *those* lips restored my composure, or rather robbed me of it altogether, for I fell senseless against the corner of the stove, which inflicted a slight wound on me. Herr von Hommer and Chamberlain von Alvensleben carried me, I am told, to the carriage. That night I had high fever and incessant delirium, so that the doctor feared a severe brain-fever. — — My father naturally put off his journey a few days, but yesterday he left us. Albert is once more a daily visitor in our house. He leaves me as little as possible, keeps me company in the evening when the sisters are invited out—and only mother is present—reads to me or plays *presquenblize* with me. Now, too, President von Hommer has undeceived him and initiated him into his heart-affairs, so that my dearest has begged forgiveness of me for his suspicion a thousand times. Our cheerful intercourse, our mutual exchange of views and opinions is perfectly established again, and you, dear pet, once more are often the subject of our discourse.

May you some day be as happy as is

YOUR PHILIPPINE.

## XXIII

CÖTHEN, 9th January 1809.

How uncertain is happiness, and how exceedingly I am subjected to fickle fortune, who casts me down from the *highest* peak of earthly happiness to the deepest abyss. — — — In my last letter I pictured to you my highest content. — — — Now all lovely hopes are buried, for fancy it, Lottie, my hand is pledged to another—I am to renounce my Albert for ever!! Can you now imagine the extent of my sorrow? — — — — I feel too crushed to-day to write more, my hand trembles, and my thoughts desert me!! — — —

11th Jan.

Our travellers came back from Brunswick on Dec. 31st. Louise's mirthfulness enlivened our circle with wit and funny sallies. The old year was ended right merrily, and we even resolved to dance the New Year in and try prophetic arts at the midnight hour, to learn the course of fate. To us entered my mother as a prophet of happiness to announce glad tidings to the girls. This was a visit from two Brunswick gentlemen, one of whom comes as match-maker, the other as wooer. The latter, one Count Siersdorf (nephew of old

## 74 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Chief Forester Siersdorf), whose acquaintance we made in Brunswick some years ago, had talent, knowledge, and a very large estate in Silesia. Cousin Caroline and sister Louise vied with one another in plans to lure this phoenix into their net. One wants to show herself as an Amazon on horseback, another at the piano, the third dancing or in her kitchen-apron, and so forth. Enough, the parts are allotted and the maidens' contest for the apple of Paris was enacted with mirth and jest, till the watchmen's call announced midnight and we separated gaily. — — — — This day will *remain unforgettable* by me, for never did Albert's wishes and his loving demeanour express themselves more clearly. — —

On Sunday the 1st there was a ball at Court ; by doctor's orders I was not allowed to dance much. My Albert complained of headache, so he also did not dance much. We had an opportunity of talking a great deal to each other, for lovers are inexhaustible and have *so* much to tell each other !!

The arrival of my aunt and cousin Griesheim was the occasion of a small family festivity, and we eight cousins sat very cosily together, when my father called me into his room after dinner.

I hastened to do his bidding in the most lively spirits. But who can imagine my horror when he addressed me in the following words, with an expression of solemn emotion! — — — Oh, the dearest of fathers felt full well that he would break the heart of his poor child! “You can make your parents very happy, darling Philippine!” “God willing, dear father, that I could, then indeed my dearest wishes were fulfilled,” was my natural but still hesitating answer. I cannot repeat you the words of father’s proposition, dearest Lotte. Ah, with my senses my memory vanished too! I stood unable to control myself when father laid before me the proposal of marriage from Count von Siersdorf, who has shown his interest in me for several years past, and now wishes to renew my acquaintance with father’s consent. My father added, with his indescribable gentleness, that if I felt distaste for the Count, he would never counsel nor compel me to a union; at the same time, as a loyal daughter, I ought not to lose sight of the parents’ happiness in knowing their daughter well provided for. The gentle tenderness of my father moved me deeply; it was within my power to comply when he besought me with affectionate words. —

The entrance of my dear Albert, who seemed informed of everything, as I perceived in his distracted look, made me perfectly numb; my blood stood still. I felt the approach of a nervous attack, and sank to the ground.

I lay several days with intervals of unconsciousness, and was in such a sensitive state that I had violent hysterics whenever a carriage drove by.

My only consolation is that I shall not please him; formerly I was a rose in full bloom, now a faded one, stripped of its leaves untimely by a storm. Silent and mournful I walk the path of duty, deserted by every hope. — Oh, that I might breathe away my last breath with the assent I needs must utter!!

*Some days later.*

For quite a long time this also kept me away from all social gatherings, for a lacerated heart has no place in the circle of joy. But yesterday, on Albert's advice, I consented to go to a ball, where I felt well enough to dance a waltz with him. Oh! at moments I was transported again to heaven—he secretly pressed a letter into my hand, as we could seldom speak to

each other alone — what I felt on reading these lines I cannot describe to you.

In every word spoke love and despair, then again resignation and the hope of union in another world. He takes farewell of me, for he is to accompany his brother to Pomerania as soon as his hated rival comes, the sight of whom he would never endure.

The unceasing distress of mind in which I am affects the rest of my health. Among other things, I spent yesterday evening with Amelie Sterney. Her father came home from the club and brought the news that two travellers had arrived in a handsome equipage. The blood stood still in my veins with terror; for could I still doubt that these were the particular people so much dreaded? I tottered home, and there found my Albert, who instantly hurried to the inn, but came back as quickly with the news that a young Herr von B. had arrived with his mentor from Vienna to spend the winter here.

The alarm and afterwards the joy had affected me so much that I had a very bad night. So then I am like one condemned to death, who, before the wand is broken over her,<sup>1</sup> is allowed a little longer freedom, only

<sup>1</sup> An old German custom symbolising the death sentence. Cf. LVI. (*Transl.*)



## 78 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

to be dragged at last as a victim to the scaffold or the altar of sacrifice.

I am resolute to meet everything, for this world of shadows is in truth so transitory! May your poor friend soon have carried her cross to the goal of her earthly course, for fate seems ready to prepare her bitter path. My hand may be promised to another, but my heart remains pledged *for ever* to my Albert.

Farewell, my Lotte, my head is faint and my eyes, spent with weeping, refuse their service.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XXIV

CÖTHEN.

PEACE returns once more in my heart, but health, alas, does not return so quickly to my shattered body, dearest Lottine! Like a state prisoner whose innocence is proved, I now enjoy far more freedom, unwatched by my female jailors. The doctor has spoken to my dear father, and told him his apprehension that my severe nervous attacks may develop into epilepsy with further mental disturbance, and therefore I must be treated with all prudence and consideration, and all alarm, anxiety, and disturbance be kept away from

me. — My darling father—as Minette assures me—has written to Herr von Siersdorf at Brunswick and put off his nephew's visit on the ground of my illness. So I breathe freely again.

My sisters and his treat me with *great kindness*. I now go out of doors a great deal, where of course my dear Albert can accompany me. The evenings, which a little while ago seemed to me like yawning, tedious guests, now are my chief pleasure. I may play *whist-d-deux* again as before. The old secret relations are all restored with twofold force, and were there no traces of grief still remaining on my pale face I should believe I had had a bad dream.

Demoiselle G. is reported to be still lovesick; they say, indeed, she is often absent-minded, and is always talking of Albert. *He* cannot reproach himself in any way, for on his own clear assurance he has never paid her attention. The quadrille has brought much trouble in its train!! The poor thing makes me very sorry, for her situation and one-sided love are more terrible than I can imagine, but precisely because it is one-sided it will not last. Naturally he avoids her almost entirely when she appears in company in the suite of the old

## 80 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Duchess. I sometimes draw near her out of true compassion, but she seems to put this down as insincerity in me, for she is almost rude when I speak to her, and turns away from me ungraciously. President von Hommer now courts her *par dépit amoureux*, for Louise, for some inconceivable reason, rejects his heart and hand. How I should have liked to call this interesting man my brother-in-law!! —

You ask, dearest Lotte, what I am working at now. I am knitting a very elaborate tobacco-pouch in little pearls for Albert, with what pleasure you may imagine.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XXV

*Wednesday, 22nd January 1809.*

“WHEN I awoke I was ever cheerful, ever merry; I joked, played, laughed, but now it is not so.” — Ah, it is so no more, alas; my Albert has taken merriment, joy, pleasure, and happiness all away with him! You believe I am raving, and, after my high pulse, I am of course not altogether free from fever, but this time it is, alas, no play of delirium and no dream! My Albert is really gone away from

me, for how long and how far the gods may decide. Your repeated advice and urgent petition to part from Albert, fortune, or rather misfortune, has fulfilled only too soon. Yesterday evening we spent at the old Duchess', where, to the astonishment of the whole assemblage, the Duke appeared to commend himself to the memory of his mother, for he is starting on a long journey to Frankfurt, whither he is accompanying the Prince of Pless. With him the Prince came in, and in his suite my Albert, whom he had begged of the Duke as equerry for this forthcoming journey. Albert gave me the news of this distinction, flattering for him, distressing for me, before I could learn it from any other mouth. But here egoism must be silent, and I am glad my darling Albert should have this pleasant journey under the favourable circumstances. He stayed with us till midnight, while father gave him much good advice, but promised to come again in the morning to say good-bye. By break of day I was awake to wait for him. As the conventions did not permit him to appear *so early*, he only came at eight o'clock, an hour before his departure. We had one more opportunity of giving each other the assurances of our truest love unnoticed. The

## 82 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

moment of parting drew near; there only remained enough time to go with him to my sisters and Lina. Here he was greeted with a loud burst of laughter and dismissed. What a glaring contrast to our mood. — Novelty and amusements have great attraction for a young and handsome man; there will be no lack of frequent inducements to distractions: thoughts of home and poor Philippine will be effaced by the turmoil of the great city, and at last be utterly out of mind. Yet no, my assurance is in his love and the firmness of his character. — — —

How desolate everything is about me now. I have no pleasure in anything, neither in working nor in reading; to pour out my griefs to you alone cheers me, for your appreciative soul sympathises with what I feel. In my surroundings no conditions harmonise with that of my heart. But I will not longer try your patience, either by lamentations or by hymns of praise. Write soon, dearest pet, for letters will be a pleasant sight in the lonely desolation of

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XXVI

CÖTHEN, 15 *February* 1809,  
9 o'clock in the evening.

IN the most eager expectancy I seize my pen to talk to you, dear sweetheart, in order to relieve the disagreeable feeling of uncertainty. The Duke arrived an hour ago, but whether my Albert was in his suite is unknown to me in spite of all inquiry. At noon to-day indeed Karl received a letter from his brother with an enclosure for me, together with a gold ring which should ever put me in mind of the pledges I have given him. My face, of course, flushed crimson for joy, which the contents still further increased. I made a tolerable excuse to leave the table, and afterwards, when mother wanted to read the letter, declared I had destroyed it at once. Thereupon my dear mother was justly so angry as I have scarcely ever seen her. I had a fit of convulsive sobbing and suffered indescribably. Here follows a copy of the dear letter written with many interruptions:—

FRANKFURT, 3rd *February* 1809.

DEAR AND ONLY PHILIPPINCHEN—Very likely you will be vexed, my dear one, that I

## 84    LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

have not written before; however, the daily travelling prevented us from writing, but now that we are fairly settled down I am fulfilling my promise immediately. Do not draw any conclusions from this belated letter, after what you said to me at the Duchess's. Now that I am deprived of your society I begin really to feel how much I care for you; not a moment goes by that I do not think of you, and greatly as this journey diverts me, still it embitters every joyous minute for me, because I surmise that we shall long be separated. The Duke seems disposed to carry out great plans. In a few days we go to D—— and then to Paris.

The lock of your beautiful hair and your ring I wear perpetually: you will be my talisman against any folly, as they always make me remember what you said to me, dearest, at my departure! I shall have very much to tell you on my return, but I am saving everything for a talk face to face. As to our journey, you will hear details from Karl. As soon as we are at another place I will write again, but in such a way that any one may read the letter. Every day the Prince bemoans to me his sufferings for love of Fräulein von Al.— Ah, I too might have much to bemoan!

LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 85

Every hour I have you in mind; I ever ask myself what is she doing now? Is she now actually here or there? Above all, I like to remember Wednesday; it was on that day I saw you really cared for me! And this is indeed my one wish—I long every moment to deserve it. With this I send you a plain ring; accept it as a gift from your loving Albert. When I come back I hope to be able to give you something prettier. I am sending you this little thing that you may just have something to remind you of me and of your promise. The prayer you know of, dear girl, I read every day, and send the same pious wishes to Heaven for you. If you can, write to me very soon, but just as you think fit. Direct your letter to Frankfurt at my address, staying at the Englischer Hof. I have to put aside the paper every minute, because the Duke constantly surprises us, and has most strictly forbidden us to write to Cöthen. So be sure to forgive me, dear Philippinchen, for writing my letter so badly, and utterly without style, but the noise all around me——

. . . . .

Ah! dear Lottie, some one is running so fast up the stairs—it is he!—it is he! — — —



## XXVII

16th February 1809.

IN a mood of the highest contentment I hasten to tell you that I am once more united with my Albert, and consequently am *very happy*. — Only think, dearest Lotte, he has not only withdrawn from all the pleasures of Frankfurt, but has even tried to excuse himself a journey to Holland and Paris under the most agreeable conditions with the Prince of Pless, in order to come back again to our quiet solitude. Chamberlain von Alvensleben assures me a Princess Clothilde von Hohenlohe singled him out so markedly, always had him invited to dances, showed pleasure in his conversation, and never took her eyes off him at the opera, that it was noticed by the Prince and he always teased him about her. Albert himself is too modest even to admit that he has noticed this. His sisters' pride at this distinction has utterly turned their heads now, for they let me feel my unworthiness more than ever. — All the same, our fate depends on the Creator, and does not lie within the power of his sisters. Yes, my Albert deserves some day to possess an angel, and I feel how far I fall short of his

qualities, but I constantly endeavour to become better in order to deserve his entire regard. God indeed knows me and supports my good resolution. — From the contents of his letter you will think his love chillier and more lukewarm than it is, but he is no friend of sugary flatteries and banal asseverations of love; his ideas are neither extravagant nor romantic, which also I find repulsive in the lords of creation, for nothing leads more easily to disgust than extravagance. My Albert seeks every opportunity to give me pleasure by small surprises. The fact is my proof and not the empty words with it, so he has never told me that I am pretty and lovable, but that he had such a longing for me and would be ill if he were longer separated from me. — Albert's reception in our house was at first very stiff and cold, on account of the aforesaid letter, but our quiet joy to see one another again was so great that we overlooked all accompanying circumstances and felt only happiness. We feel and confess it to each other daily that we cannot live *one day* without one another. *Everything* may be taken from me save only my love. I have armed myself now with philosophy too, endure the inevitable, do nothing unjust, seek *for love's sake* to cast

## 88 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

off everything unvirtuous, for the better I grow the more like I become to his beautiful soul. How poor in joys you are, dear Lottine, as long as you know not love, neither grief, pain, nor care can destroy this heavenly feeling. Fall in love soon, dear old thing, and become as happy as

THY PHILIPPINCHEN.

*P.S.*—Albert has brought us the loveliest elegant presents. Adieu, petite Dame de cœur.

## XXVIII

CÖTHEN, *Saturday, 25th March 1809.*

LET it be a proof how I love a talk with you, that I have withdrawn from these cheerful pleasures in order to write to you at a moment when our whole house is filled with joy and happiness. You may fancy, dearest Lotte, what a hurly-burly enlivened our little household, because Minette Wedell's wedding is to-morrow, and more by token is to be celebrated in our house, without *her* having a notion of it. Her *fiancé* Hans von Werder came yesterday with his sister, and the marriage was fixed for *after* Easter. But, as my father has no liking for long preparations, the day

was fixed for to-morrow, Palm Sunday, which is all the more unexpected by Minette because no weddings take place in Holy Week, but my father asked permission of the Duke. — But I am being called to make the bridal wreath.

*Monday, 27th March 1809.*

Yesterday—Palm Sunday—the happy little pair were united in the circle of our relations. The bride's astonishment was very great, as she had not suspected her grand day was so close. After the guests—Cornbergs, Meyrings and Hommer—were assembled, the astonished bride was introduced to the company and the blessing pronounced over the bridal pair. At the exchange of rings, Albert and I had forgotten to take them off the fingers beforehand; the fingers, unused to carrying a wedding-ring, showed themselves so swollen that they could not be pulled off by force, so that this was a disagreeable interruption of the ceremony and gave occasion for pleasantries. The parents' rings had to serve as substitutes. After the solemn ceremony the elders sat down to cards, and the young folk amused themselves in a different way. Late in the evening a *serenata famosa* was performed by the young men; every one played a different

## 90 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

piece on different instruments, which of course produced a gruesome discord! — —

How unequally the fulfilment of wishes is distributed I see from the union of this couple, who were betrothed for years, and whose hopes seemed unattainable when suddenly an unforeseen stroke of fortune united them. May a similar lot await all lovers! — —

My wishes are perhaps too bold, for the happiness of being united to my Albert is *too great* for an earthly being. And yet I am not poor in joy; I possess *his heart* indeed. And, besides, the love of so true a friend; who can be richer than

THY PHILIPPINE.

### XXIX

*Tuesday the 28th.*

EVEN though the second day's entertainment in the wedding festivities does not altogether leave me mistress of my time, still I must at least wish you a hurried good-morning. Yesterday morning we gave a *déjeuner dansant* among us cousins of both sides; in the evening a ball, comedy, and concert—that is to say, the two Minettes at the piano, Line and her brother Eduard<sup>1</sup> a duet on combs, Louise and

<sup>1</sup> Wedell, brother of Albert. See Appendix No. III.

Hans Werder, the young bridegroom, played on the guitar, which Karl Wedell accompanied on the flute. Albert, Hommer, and I sang. The finale was a *Quoidlibet* to make you die of laughter. We artistes were so well satisfied with the production of this successful *divertissement* that in our mood of fun and frolic a plot was hatched late in the evening against the timid pair of Minettes. They, in fact, boasted that they were ready to go *alone* at eleven o'clock at night, without male escort, to the Cornbergs' where Minette Werder was staying. The insulted gentlemen laid a wager that they would not reach their destination without alarm and mishap. The wager was accepted. Our bold-hearted heroines equipped themselves for their adventure; meanwhile our gentlemen dressed up, carrying long pipes in their hands, took a short cut, pretended to be drunk, and in this guise came noisily to meet our two faint-hearts, whose heroism took shape in flight, and who were received by us with peals of laughter.

Ah, Lottie, if only you were here to help celebrate the *happiest* time of my life, for our affection has never been so unruffled as it is now. I can only give you a feeble representation of it in writing, and yet I often set your

## 92 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

patience a severe trial with my long-drawn narratives. Adieu, Mignonne. Pardonnez à votre petite bavarde. Vivons nous trois, vous, mon Albert, et moi.

*Wednesday the 29th March.*

With trembling hand and the deepest sorrow in my heart I add a few lines to my letter, which was finished yesterday. Ill-fortune seems again disposed to pour out her evil mood upon us, for my Albert has taken farewell and leaves Cöthen to-morrow. Forgive me, I can write no more, the tears blur my writing.

*Some hours later.*

If it is possible to collect my thoughts with my distracted mind and lacerated heart, you shall learn in due sequence what impelled Albert to this sudden resolve! Yesterday the Wedells were taking their mid-day dinner with us, as they have done for the last week. Albert, however, was vainly waited for at dinner-time; messengers were sent after him, but without success. My anxiety increased from minute to minute lest something unusual had befallen him; till at last he appeared with a distracted countenance, in

which lay sullen anger and bitterness. He spoke little, ate nothing, but repeatedly drank my health with a forced laugh. Something extraordinary must have happened which he seemed intentionally to conceal. I sat on the rack; my colour appeared to change repeatedly, for every one looked at me anxiously, for it looked to them as if I were struggling against a swoon. After dinner Albert showed my father a letter from a certain Lieutenant — in the Guards (a favourite of the Duke's), who has hated the sight of Albert ever since his journey to Frankfurt, and who now informs him in impertinent phrases that he has learnt and laid before the Duke Albert's unbecoming behaviour of yesterday, when he was caught drunk and disguised in the street at night, brawling with another man. Albert, enraged at this perversion of *a joke*, gives him a sharp answer and calls him out. This *wretch*, supported by the *weak* Duke's favour, had the further audacity to demand an apology from Albert or threaten him with dismissal. — To serve such a miserable scamp any longer would wound Albert's honour; he therefore anticipated the Duke's wish, and, with two other officers of the Guard, demanded and instantly received permission to



## 94 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

resign. In the first instance, he is going to travel with Karl and a friend, Herr von Zarembo di Canova, who also resigned, to Kriegsdorf, a place belonging to the Wedell family, and enter the Prussian service at the first opportunity. Albert and President von Hommer were summoned before a court this morning to defend themselves for yesterday's joke at the requisition of the Duke, who, you know, is insane, for the magistrates laughed over it. Oh, dear Lottie, how shall I bear this indefinite, perhaps eternal, parting from my Albert! Entreat courage and patience for me from heaven, for the prayers of thy Philippine are not heard.

CÖTHEN, 4th April 1809.

My letter was forgotten in these days of trouble and grief, and lay in my desk, so I will endeavour to freshen it up by adding a few lines, for it is no longer in its first youth. Yesterday I came back from a short trip which the doctor considered most necessary in the state of my spirits. Ah, dear Lotte, how tender and yet how horrible the memory of the last days remains in my mind. Thousands and thousands of times we pledged our troth till death. The last afternoon we were

brought together by a dinner at Uncle Cornberg's, where indeed we were not kept apart, and talked without surveillance. I tried with all my might to keep up my strength till the evening, when he was to take farewell of the company at the Duchess Mother's. The nearer the hour of parting came, the more my senses failed me. Albert, who sat beside me the whole evening, obeyed a sign from my father, pressed my hand convulsively as he went away, and said in a trembling half-whisper: "Farewell, my only love, though I should never see you again still my thoughts will ever stay near you." Involuntarily I swayed towards him, without knowing what I did. I saw again that from the stairs he stretched out his arms to me, but was forcibly dragged away by Herr von Hommer. Silent and unable to think I returned into the Duchess's room; here not an eye was dry, *I* alone could *not* weep. — In the middle of the room my knees began to give way, and I sank down unconscious. Where and when I came to myself again I know not. — I will not mention the visit to Fräulein von Rauchhaupt at Trebnitz,<sup>1</sup> the recollection of it is still as disagreeable to me as the polite-

<sup>1</sup> Trebnitz on the Saale, an estate of the Rauchhaupts.

## 96 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

ness of the gentlemen there. My neighbour at dinner was a young Major von R——, the Adonis of their world. I constantly let the thin thread of conversation break on purpose, to let my thoughts have play, but he always knitted it up again merrily, which was in the most harsh contrast to my mood. At last, after a stay of some days, I was relieved of this anguish by a visit to Helmsdorf. Thus, of course, I was a few miles nearer my Albert again, and hoped to meet him quietly at his sister's.<sup>1</sup> She, it seemed, was not unaware of our attachment, and received me with the warmest kindness. Oh, what good it did this sick heart of mine to be tenderly treated by *one of his* sisters. For I cannot enjoy this from Lina. Moreover, my parents having forbidden it I cannot communicate with him by letter, which is a hard trial for a sundered pair. I am sure you are now enjoying the lovely flowers in the country. Nature is so fair, so peaceful; why, then, is the mind of thy poor Philippine so stormy, so troubled?

<sup>1</sup> Louise von Bülow, step-sister of Albert von Wedell, married to Landrat von Kersenbruck at Helmsdorf.

## XXX

CÖTHEN, 16th May 1809.

BEFORE condemning me, dear Lotte, lend me once more your loving little ear to hear the justification of my long silence. — Three weeks ago I was very ill with excruciating gout in the head. My dear father suffered so indescribably from this head trouble that I prayed God to transfer these pains to *me* in his place, because I would bear them patiently if I knew my father were freed from them, for what are bodily pains compared with those of the soul? — — —

My prayer was soon heard, and I suffered to an indescribable degree. But my poor father, in whom it seemed the gout had been driven away too fast, was seized by a deadly disease, which brought him to the verge of the grave, of which, however, I had no suspicion, as I was too ill. On May 3rd, the birthday of our dear sufferer, Heaven gave him to us again, for during the night the doctors announced that he was in safety. Mother had called in the advice of the famous consultant, Dr. Keul of Halle. On May 3rd it was not only the birthday and recovery of

## 98 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

our dear patient, but the arrival of Schill's corps was celebrated too. — Many young heroes are with him at the head of this gallant undertaking. Their aim is to join with several free corps in shaking off our country's yoke. My dear Wedells and their friend Zarembo have also resolved to join this expedition. Uncle Griesheim had obtained Albert an advantageous position in a Hussar regiment, but he cannot make up his mind to leave his brother, and therefore is to march with him to battle as a hero and patriot to liberate our country from the hands of the tyrant. May their undertaking have the happiest result! — So to my many cares and bodily suffering there is also added anxiety for my Albert's life. Oh, could I float about him unseen, to warn him if he recklessly puts his life in jeopardy or to nurse him like a tender sister if he is sick or wounded. Willingly would I share all toils, dangers, and privations with him could I only be with him unknown, ah, and *to die with him* would be an enviable lot!! — — — — —

Louise will have written to you how pleasantly we were surprised by Herdt's<sup>1</sup> arrival, and what splendid presents we re-

<sup>1</sup> Count Herdt, betrothed to Minette Griesheim.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 99

ceived, thanks to his kindness. Minette is now happy in her engagement; after a long separation she can rejoice in seeing him again. How differently the lot of sisters is apportioned!

### XXXI

CÖTHEN, 8 *June* 1809.

THIS moment—Wednesday—the fatal news of the defeat of Schill's corps has reached us here. On May 31 there was a battle at Stralsund, where the gallant Schill lost his life at the head of a few hundred heroes, like Leonidas, covered with a thousand wounds. My anxiety as to the fate of my dear Wedells cannot be described, till a letter with a few hurried lines from M. von Rohr informed us that they fought desperately, but nevertheless were compelled to yield to enormous superiority of force, were disarmed and made prisoner. The brave Schill's undertaking seemed not to be supported by Providence, for all the undertakings in connection with it have failed. In Cassel, that of Colonel von Dörenberg<sup>1</sup> treacherously revealed, the

<sup>1</sup> Freiherr von Dörnberg, colonel in the Westphalian service, made an unsuccessful attempt to rise against King Jerome, fled to Bohemia, and entered the corps of the Duke of Oehls.

junction with the Duke of Oehls delayed by circumstances—English arms and money not forthcoming; so that he, too weak to carry through this bold enterprise alone, met with defeat. Peace to the ashes of this gallant hero! Even so indeed hope has lost her best tidings for me. Yet I will not repine, for my Albert is still safe there where *so many* found their end. It is, perhaps, ingratitude or ill-health in me that the uncertainty of knowing him a prisoner without knowing the place of his captivity troubles me so much that I have not one *quiet moment*. We are now getting ready for a visit to a spa, for both father's health and mine. May our object be attained, and I at least become cheerful and merry again, for my moodiness is the greatest burden to myself and to others. My kind sisters bear with me patiently, and I often feel, to my shame, that I am venting my temper on them. Our old Philip said to me only yesterday, "Oh, but Fräulein Pinchen, what has become of your old gaiety, the kindly smile on your lips, and your rosy cheeks?" Only my Albert can answer the question: he has carried away with him everything that your Philippine used once to care for.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XXXII

CÖTHEN, 26 *June* 1809.

OH, if I were now with you, my own Lottie, how happy I should be, united with you and my Albert. For he is not far from you, in Brunswick! My sister Roeder writes that the prisoners of war had much liberty and were very well treated! —

My dear sister has helped them with money, linen, and clothing material, for they arrived there miserably tattered and torn, like beggars.<sup>1</sup> God reward her for this kindness!! She thought too it was a very harsh contrast to see these fine knightly figures, with a prince's bearing and noble features, in this miserable clothing (for their uniforms have been despitefully exchanged for a linen penance sheet). Roeder and several others have advised the brothers to make their escape, and are ready to lend help, for people still fear the worst consequences. Still the Wedells would not take this advice, as they would have to leave behind them nine comrades, who would have to pay the penalty of their flight, and would be subjected to ill-treatment. Be-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix IV.



sides, they had bound themselves together by an oath not to escape separately, but only to attempt it if they found an opportunity of flight together. — — — It is to be hoped they will be transported to a French fortress! I vainly try to persuade myself of this, for we have already seen examples of prisoners of war being condemned to slavery in the galleys. Oh, away with these hideous thoughts; they distract my brain! — — —

27 June.

Thanks, dearest Lotte, for your affectionate birthday wishes. Last year the assurance of Albert's love was my *loveliest birthday present*. This year it was a mournful day for me. Oh, how I envy the little "inseparables" one of which does not survive the loss of the other!!!

THY PHILIPPINE.

### XXXIII

HALLE, 1st July 1809.

You see that I have kept my promise of writing to you as soon as I arrived, fresh in my memory, dear good Lotte. — All the same every letter I trace warns me of the doctor's prohibition, who has forbidden me all work

that means head-strain, such as writing, reading, and even needlework. Besides bathing and drinking the waters, I am to walk and ride and drive all day long, to which end my father has brought six horses with us. The beautiful country round and the nearness of Lauchstedt<sup>1</sup> offer us an infinite variety of excursions. On our way here we stopped a few hours at the Petersberg, which brought back to my memory all the happy hours I spent here with my Albert. I climbed the ruins; saw the visitors' book in the church, where our names stood intertwined, written in my hand; sat on the spot where last year we twisted stalks of grass, which gave us the assurance of our love. — Ah, then I only knew the joys of an innocent child, finding pleasure in everything, so Albert shared it with me. Now I let myself be moved without volition like a jointed doll; eat without appetite in order not to starve; sleep, but without being refreshed; dress and undress stolidly; and only feel a lively pleasure when letters come which contain *his* name, for my thoughts are truly *with him* only. Your brother Chretien writes delightedly of having seen them, but even he seems concerned about

<sup>1</sup> A little spa with chalybeate springs.

their fate, for even in Brunswick their liberty has been curtailed in many points. The first few days they were quartered at Natales'; afterwards they were taken to the watch-house with barred windows at the Augustus Gate, where their Hussar uniform was replaced by a tunic. The prisoners were allowed to enjoy the air an hour a day in the prison garden. Oh, how I envy my friends who can see him there! What would I not give for *one* sight of my Albert! Chretien finds Albert much changed to his advantage, his beard giving him a wonderfully martial appearance. Only he misses the cheeriness formerly expressed in his whole being. Brother Werner writes the same to-day from Cassel, where they have just come. Further, in concert with several friends, he has used every means to persuade them to escape, but this was now made much more difficult, as they are *strictly* watched, and remain faithful to their resolve *not* to make their escape *alone*. The concern of other people fills me with *inexpressible* anxiety.<sup>1</sup> Tell me, please, Lottie, how your brothers judge of their future. Horrible thoughts often dart across my brain, and reduce me

<sup>1</sup> On July 20, 1809, fourteen non-commissioned officers and soldiers were shot in Brunswick.

to despair. Farewell, Lottie! How can a course of baths do any good when the poor soul is so torn. — — — — —

THY PHILIPPINE.

### XXXIV

PÖTHEN,<sup>1</sup> *August 4, 1809.*

YOUR sympathetic concern takes me to my desk sooner than the doctor would allow, my kind Lotte. Our stay at the spa is now changed for a stay in the country, for father and I are to enjoy a secondary cure. From Cöthen we travel by way of Magdeburg to Brunswick, where I am to be rejoiced to the bottom of my heart by re-union with you, dear Lotte, if this poor heart is still capable of joy! . . . As far as my body is concerned, the bath has had a beneficial effect upon me, but how could my spirit find relief when it is ever in distress over my dear prisoners? . . . A letter from President von Hommer at Frankfurt has distressed me deeply and vastly increased my anxiety as to their further fate! He had the joy, though at the same time the grief, of seeing them at Frankfurt. But what a re-

<sup>1</sup> An estate belonging to uncle Griesheim, in the district of Magdeburg. Cf. Letter XIV.

union! . . . Here he describes in the most moving words how he went, under cover of night, to visit his unhappy friends in the prison, for the Duke sternly forbade, indeed, on pain of dismissal from his service, a sight of these rebels, as he calls them! By dint of persuasion and money, he made his way through sentries and turnkeys; provided with a light, he gazed at them for a while, dumb with emotion, as they lay stretched on their bed of straw without being able to wake them from their deep sleep, which put them beyond the reach of all calamity. Albert, on whose features the profoundest care had graven itself, and whom he regarded especially long with a sense of most poignant compassion, was first dazzled by the rays of the unaccustomed light, woke up, and, recognising his faithful friend, fell upon his neck. The brief moment of meeting and parting was deeply painful. — — —

My cousin Jettchen Griesheim saw him at Leipzig before the expedition; she has sent me *many* more verbal messages of his. He assured her too by all that is holy that his feeling towards me would remain the same to his latest breath; that he would win possession of me, sword in hand, or, if I were not destined for him, he would gladly invoke the first bullet

from the foe. Rather death than renunciation! . . . So think I too! . . . Farewell, my Lotte, it is late. But how can I find sleep in a soft bed when my Albert is sighing on a hard heap of straw! I employ my sleepless nights in working for him, in order to sell the object of my labour in Brunswick, and send him the money I get for it, keeping my name secret. Thus I have sold my Venetian chain to advantage, and already put by a little hoard to alleviate his situation. The little self-denials bound up with this make me so happy! In a fortnight at latest you will be before the eyes of

THY PHILIPPINE.

As my thoughts are now occupied by *one* subject alone, I forgot to tell you that we saw the Duke of Oehls<sup>1</sup> march through Halle. We saw several acquaintances again, amongst others Girsewald.<sup>2</sup> The Duke sent for father and received him very graciously, and assured

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix V.

<sup>2</sup> Freiherr von Girsewald, b. 1785, chief of ordnance to the Duke, shared imprisonment at Metz in 1806 with his friend Werner von Griesheim; took part in Dörnberg's rising, escaped from Cassel, and fled to Bohemia; fought in Spain and Sicily in 1814 and 1815. Later aide-de-camp and Master of the Horse to Duke William, grandfather of the present Master of the Horse, Freiherr von Girsewald, Minister of State in Brunswick.

him that he hoped some day to requite the loyalty father had shown to the ducal house by rejecting the Westphalian overtures. Further, he *spoke very bitterly* about others whom he secretly supported, and who nevertheless swore allegiance to the enemy's flag, among others General Klösterlein.<sup>1</sup> Trouble has made an old man of the Duke while he is still young; his hair has gone white before its time. May Providence favour his enterprise and his bold plans!

## XXXV

BRUNSWICK, 20th September.

THE few days I spent with you at Gebhardshagen and Herdte have cured my sorrowful spirits, so that my old acquaintances in Brunswick and sister Caroline found me *very much altered* indeed—which was put down to my bad health—but still not so silent. Here now I am distracted perforce, and politeness forbids me to show any sign of my dislike of it. But *Déjeuner, Diner, Gôûter*, and *Assemblée* are a burden to digestion and spirit! I sit at them like a marionette whose limbs move mechanically, but my spirit is *far* from here. — —

<sup>1</sup> Cf. note on Letter VIII.

Yesterday was the christening of little Wilhelm von Roeder.<sup>1</sup> We three Fates (sisters) stood sponsors. May I spin this little godchild's thread of life very long and smooth, that no knots shall tangle the thread, but rather cut it short before he is broken by the disappointments of life. May the unhappy hands which held him over the font be not involved in his future career; they bring no happiness! — — Now that your brother Chretien has become Master of the Household in the Duke of Cöthen's service in place of my uncle Cornberg, we shall certainly have the pleasure of seeing you and your mother at Cöthen some day. So we get double gain from it.

THY PHILIPPINE.

### XXXVI

CÖTHEN, *1st October.*

THESE few lines are only to tell you that we got here from Brunswick safely, but not cheerfully. Whether leaving Brunswick affected my sisters so much or seeing father again, whom we found here very poorly, gave them such a shock, I cannot tell, but I always see them with tear-stained eyes, and this still more

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards entered the Brunswick army.



## 110 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

increases my anguish of soul.<sup>1</sup> Unrest possesses me ; dark forebodings rend my suffering spirit. Waking and dreaming I see black images and figures of the dead before my eyes ; I often hear my name called clearly by his voice. — — What a horrible presentiment stabs my soul like a dagger ! — — — —

### XXXVII

CÖTHEN, *December 1809.*

A GAP of three painful months lies between us, dear Lotte, during which I often took up my pen in dull indifference of spirit to pour out my deep suffering to you ! You alone know what I have lost ; you alone can estimate my just grief !! Why had I to wake to remembrance out of my long sleep ! Ah, my existence is annihilated, an open grave is my future, the churchyard my home. God, what shall I——

*A day later.*

A welcome swoon robbed me for a moment of my distracted senses and gave me over to blessed forgetfulness ! With my sorrowful consciousness, the consciousness of my unhappiness returns too with crushing force ! — — —

<sup>1</sup> On September 16 Karl and Albert von Wedell were shot at Wesel with nine of their comrades.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 111

Oh, why did not the hideous news instantly give me my death-blow? Why had I to survive the fearful words which continue ever to pierce my ear: "Thy Albert is no more; judgment was pronounced on him; his fate was death!!"

I was annihilated, and sank unconscious: for several days, they tell me, I lay in this state, until my sick father's beseeching voice gave me back consciousness, and I awoke to a *fearful* existence!!

*Some days later.*

My trembling hand and wavering thoughts do not allow me to write continuously, and yet I can no longer withstand your urgent prayer to receive just a few words written by my hand. Do not be anxious about my health, faithful friend, I am well in body! And the goal of my desires—the grave—still lies far, *alas*, from my youth! The belief that grief can *kill* deceives me no longer; it breaks the heart, wounds it with a thousand stabs, but does not *kill*! The love of parents and sisters offers everything to make this irreparable loss endurable for me, but what feeble consolations these are—they only increase *grief*. My kind father is the only one who understands my silent grief and

## 112 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

treats it tenderly. I often spend the evenings with him, for he is an invalid, and I am too depressed to join in social company. For when we receive visits I always see pity expressed on every face at my appearance, for naturally I am almost unrecognisable from thinness and pallor. Oh, if only Death's pallor had first overspread this disfigured face, and the poor torn heart had ceased to beat!! — — —

I must conclude; my eyes have almost lost their power of sight, my once fresh warmth of life is chilled, my youth withered! — Pray, my Lotte, that he may soon be followed by thy  
PHILIPPINE.

### XXXVIII

CÖTHEN, 28th December 1809.

THE physician orders change of air, and Trebnitz was chosen for me to stay at. My kind father thinks that change of surroundings will have a good effect on my sick soul, and to content him I accept this proposal. But my most effectual physician is my father himself, only I am afraid he may injure his own health through his sympathy, and so I would rather travel. — He often speaks of my

dear lost one with most touching interest. How at the last, before the deadly bullet pierced their breasts, they prayed the Lord's Prayer in a clear voice ; how Albert, with eyes unbandaged, bared his breast and fell with the cry " God save the King ! "

Twenty-four hours before, their death-sentence was read to them, which they heard calmly, conscious of their innocence. The few hours still granted them to live they employed in writing letters of farewell. Albert writes my father a few very beautiful words, thanking him for all the love and kindness he has always shown him, and begging forgiveness for the trouble he caused him unintentionally ; he consoles his relatives, finds his lot enviable, and is proud of falling as a sacrifice for his country ; he feels himself superior to his undeserved fate, and pities the blind tyrant who is responsible for it. An hour before Albert's death French malice invented one more device to shake the fortitude of his mind. A French officer, sent by the Government, notified him of his release, as it was against the law to shoot a young man who had not yet reached his twentieth year—but only on condition that he took the oath of allegiance to the French

## 114 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Emperor and entered his service. Albert rejected this proposal with contempt, and assured the envoy that a martyr's death was preferable to life without honour, and that he would rather quit the world innocent than stay on earth forsworn. How the imperishable memory of my Albert is ennobled by this constancy of mind; at all events he could meet death calmly, for never perhaps has more innocent blood been poured out! Ah, and yet religion means a great deal when one sees one's existence cut short in the flower of youth and strength.<sup>1</sup> —

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XXXIX

TREBNITZ, 9 Jan., 1810.

YOUR comforting sympathy has again brought some light into my dark soul. Ah! I need consolation here more than ever; for in the merry circle of the Rauchhaupt family, where no cruel loss troubles unity and peace, my wounded heart has no fitting place.—My grief finds constant nourishment here when

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Albert and Karl von Wedell and further account of the brothers' death are to be found in Appendices VI. and VII.

I see Herr von Rohr,<sup>1</sup> my Albert's brother-in-arms, who went through Schill's campaign with him, and was honourably distinguished for it by the King, or when I see the young Werder,<sup>2</sup> whose fate has so much similarity to my own. She was engaged seven years to her cousin without being able to obtain her father's consent, till at last the constancy of her love won the victory. — Or, finally, when I see the happy Pauline Rauchhaupt,<sup>3</sup> with her *fiancé*, then images of the past flit before my soul, then at last I feel how empty my existence is; how utterly *alone* I stand. Oh, Lottie, assuredly I am not envious, but my loss is still too fresh; it tears open all my heart's wounds again. The longing for my eternal home then often becomes so strong that I need all the force of religion not to cut short this miserable life by violence.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XL

CÖTHEN, *end of January* 1810.

My stay at Trebnitz was speedily cut short by my longing for home. Surrounded by my

<sup>1</sup> August von Rohr married Caroline Rauchhaupt, 1806; second Lieutenant in the Katte Regiment of Dragoons (No. 4), he joined Schill; 1818, Major in the Cuirassier Regiment; retired 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Minette Wedell, the bride in Letter XXVIII.

<sup>3</sup> Pauline von Rauchhaupt, engaged to Herr von Meyerinks.

own people who share my grief, I feel, if not happier, at least calmer. — — — — —  
 — — — — —

I almost forgot to say good-bye to you before a distant but not a long visit to Berlin in the company of my dear father, who is sent there by the Duke. Sister Minette has graciously eked out my scanty wardrobe, for I am not equipped for such a visit. My father hopes to cheer me by distraction; oh, I will leave nothing untried to satisfy his wishes and not to frustrate his kind intentions.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XLI

BERLIN, 30 *January* 1810.

I HAD promised my dearest kindest parents to exchange the gloomy current of my thought for bright views of life, and to take my part in all pleasures which present themselves to me in the great city, because a double duty lay upon me to cheer my father in his weak state of health. My eyes, accustomed only to the objects of small towns, stared in amaze at the palaces and broad regular streets, the end of which the eye could not reach.—We put up at Mathieu's in the Dönhoffchen Platz. We dined at *table-d'hôte*, I the only lady between

two long rows of gentlemen, which seemed to cause astonishment, for they stared at me like a strange animal. — I ate little, pecked absently at my plate, while my father got involved in a political discussion with his neighbour, when a voice whispered urgently in my ear: "Do you no longer know me?" and in the speaker I recognised Herr von Mantheufel, Herr von Korf's confidant. That he is the same eccentric madcap is proved by his strange speech before the whole company at table: "If you have heard nothing of Herr von Korf for a long while, you may know that you alone are responsible for the poor fellow remaining still unmarried!" My state of mind preserved me from embarrassment; I only tried impatiently to put an end to the annoying conversation! At the end of dinner, which no one wished for more longingly than I, we went to the Treuenfels family, where I met with a cordial welcome and was invited to make myself at home during our stay. With them we did the round of all the sights in Berlin—the Promenade unter der Linden—the hothouses of Herr Bouché (where summer is mated with the hardest winter, for we drank coffee in a sweet-scented bower of jasmine). The grand operas, and plays and tragedies were visited



every evening, though I gave audience to my thoughts there and paid small attention to the players. I also attended a great celebration of the Orders of Knighthood in the Cathedral, where I saw the whole court assembled, amongst others the Hereditary Princess of Holland, her daughter, *our* Hereditary Princess,<sup>1</sup> and the pearl of Prussia, Queen Louise !! The Hereditary Princess, near whom I happened to sit in the Envoys' stalls, had recognised me and through my father expressed her wish to speak to me. The honour had to outweigh the pleasure, and I had to make up my mind to spend several hours with her. After the ceremony of the Orders of Knighthood there was a grand review. At the sight of the Uhlan regiment—which was splendid—in which my Albert was to have been placed by the offices of Uncle Griesheim, such a darkness spread before my eyes that I had to go into a house close by to collect my forces. Thus I must be reminded everywhere of my *grievous loss* !! — — I felt this most profoundly on the last day of our Berlin visit, when my dearest father was carried away fainting from the Royal dinner, to which he had been invited. When he had recovered somewhat and I inquired the cause

<sup>1</sup> See note on Letter II.

of his indisposition, he told me that after dinner the sympathetic Queen had asked him for a full history of his nephews and their most intimate surroundings. When father gave the tender-hearted Princess a description of their courageous end, and how their last petition to Heaven was a prayer for the honoured Father of their country, the Queen could no longer restrain her tears, and had to leave the dining-room. Father's powers, strained to the utmost by this narrative and the warm sympathy of the kind-hearted Sovereign, broke down, and he was carried from the royal palace unconscious on a stretcher, accompanied by one of the chamberlains. When my poor suffering father looked up and recognised me, he fell into a high fever, so that I could scarcely keep him warm by feather-beds and other means of producing perspiration. The Queen sent again in the evening to inquire after father's condition, and the King next morning sent father, by the hand of Count G., a beautiful diamond snuff-box, as well as gracious wishes for his recovery and further travel.—So then we have been in Cöthen since yesterday, not without anxiety about dear father's state of health.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XLII

CÖTHEN, 30 *May* 1810.

My dearest father is no more! On the evening of the 27th God ended his grievous sufferings! — — Ah, it is now well with him, of that we are certain! — My dearest wish is to be united with him soon; there the Father blesses the bond of lovers who here are parted by circumstances and there are united in their eternal home! You knew my noble father<sup>1</sup> and will share our just sorrow with

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XLIII

CÖTHEN, 20 *June* 1810.

I HAVE long been unable to resolve to take up my pen, for partly I have been too unwell, partly too sorrowful to speak of our grievous loss in cold writing.—Time does not console; it only softens the first outburst of grief!! Ah, we miss our best beloved and tenderest of all fathers in everything. His end was painful; but with Christian resignation he had prepared us all for this hard blow with his pious reflec-

<sup>1</sup> For his last years and latest wishes see Appendix IX.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 121

tions, had made his dispositions and arranged all matters of business to make things easier for mother. His last words were a prayer for us. — — — I am taking in thought the most sacred vow, *always to fulfil my duties loyally, that thereby I may honour the memory of my dearest father!* May God now preserve us our dear kind mother! My first duty will be to comfort her and not to increase her trouble by anxiety.

26 June 1810.

We have been very busy for several days getting ready to receive my sister Roeder and her children. Our meeting again was not cheerful. Ah, the head of the family was gone and was grievously missed! — — — Our home circle will soon be increased by brother Werner. Mother applied to the King of Westphalia for leave of absence on family affairs, and received an answer in the affirmative from the Minister of War. The distance from Spain, where he has been for the last two years, is certainly great, though as courier to Cassel, where he is to be sent with despatches, he will speedily get over the distance. — —

Yesterday was my birthday! Oh, what a difference between then and now! In the harbour of sweet-smelling roses, where once in

the warm summer evening we built castles in the air for the future, I sit *alone* ! At the piano, where we sang duets, I sing *alone* ! The brood of canaries, whose original parent Albert gave me—which belonged to us both, which we looked after together and fed—I now look after *alone* and have no more pleasure in them ! — — Oh, everywhere now I am *alone*, where once I was so happy with *him*. I seek in solitude to call his image vividly before me, then it seems as if his spirit floated about me, he is momentarily restored to me, I feel him near !—But when I wake from my dream of bliss, and it grows plain to me that it was only a phantom happiness, then I am in a mood of despair and beside the resting-place of *our* fathers—for by my father's wish their graves are side by side—I seek consolation in the thought that I too shall soon find a place beside them, for my fortune's star has set ; the sun can never rise again for me.

THY PHILIPPINE.

#### XLIV

CÖTHEN, *mid-July* 1810.

I NEVER believed this poor heart could still feel the swift passage of joy or pain so vividly ! —

But first you must hear the tale of suffering in order to be able to share in the happy turn of affairs. A week ago we five sisters were assembled one pleasant evening in the garden at the Münchhausens', when our brother-in-law, who is always the soul of the family with his spirited conversation and inexhaustible wit, was called away by the letter-carrier. His long absence boded nothing cheerful, still less, however, his still dark look with which he rejoined us, a letter with a black seal in his hand. No one dared break the silence till at last he turned the conversation on Spain and the fierce nervous fever raging there. Then I perceived what a blow Chretien was trying to prepare us for! The blood froze in my veins, my breath grew shorter, my senses confused, and when I awoke again my miserable foreboding was confirmed. Werner had fallen ill with this violent nervous fever and been placed on the list of dead. We mourned profoundly the loss of our beloved only brother, when a day later arrived a letter from himself at Strassburg to give us news of his approaching arrival!—No, this change from the bitterest grief to the *highest* joy can only be felt, not described. Assuredly more heartfelt tears were never shed!—The neigh-

## 124 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

bours and sympathetic acquaintances hurried to wish us joy, for the happy news of his resurrection had spread like wildfire from house to house. — The house was still ringing with our jubilant cries, "He lives! he lives!" like an echo from mouth to mouth, when a shrill post-horn turns our attention to the street-door. A post-chaise stops in the middle of the street, a tall young man flings open the carriage door, and an officer of the Guards flies to our arms. — Who could this be, pray, but our *beloved Werner*!! — — — —

Ah, one who has not experienced this passage within three days, from mourning, affliction and tears to the most happy surprise of meeting again, can form no idea of this felicity! — — — An image of the future! The grave, and the resurrection!!! — — — —

Werner is very much altered, his mustachios suit him *admirably*, only he looks deathly pale after his illness. For eight weeks he struggled with death, and when the lists were being sent off he lay like dead, stretched upon his pallet after an access of delirium, and so was taken for dead. In Cassel his appearance horrified people, and he was taken for a wandering corpse. Indeed, his place has already been filled up again, though he has forthwith been

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 125

enrolled in the Guards again as company commander. — — —

How deep my joy is that I shall soon hold you in my arms here at Cöthen, my *bien aimée*, I cannot describe to you.

THY PHILIPPINE.

My little torments<sup>1</sup> think my writing has lasted too long; they harry and plague me incessantly, and as I shall only have the dear little creatures a week more, I cannot say no to anything they want.

### XLV

(To her sister CAROLINE VON ROEDER at  
*Brunswick*)

CÖTHEN, 1st October 1810.

I AM so much oppressed again by the spleen that I must take refuge with you, dearest sister, to utter the old laments anew. A deadly silence surrounds me! All have left us—brother, you, kindest sister, your children, and my beloved friend. What is left after your departure? — Resignation, renunciation, and remembrance of familiar joys. — Your presence

<sup>1</sup> The children of her sister, Caroline von Roeder.



and the dependence of your children had once more reconciled me in some measure with the world and with myself. My depression has wakened anew with redoubled force; it had only slumbered during the presence of my dear ones. While mother and sisters were accompanying my dear Werner to Pöthen to Uncle Griesheim's, I made a sacrifice to friendship by undertaking a trip with Lottie to Dessau and Wörlitz.<sup>1</sup> What Nature denied to this little plot of land Art has here supplied, and this pleasure-garden might well be called the Paradise of Art in miniature. The situation and architecture of the castles with picture galleries of the first masters are well worth seeing. — If my dearest Werner is still in Brunswick, give him a sister's tender kiss from

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XLVI

CÖTHEN, 12 *May* 1811.

Is it not as though I were forced to part from everything of joy that is left me on earth? My little darling Marie<sup>2</sup>—whom I

<sup>1</sup> The Grand Duke's summer resort near Dessau, with a famous park.

<sup>2</sup> Marie von Roeder.

clung to with all my soul—fell asleep on the 6th of this month for a beautiful awakening. She was blooming and well, but the wrong treatment of a physician, who drove the scarlatina to the vital parts, sacrificed her in three days. Even when her little, weak body was already covered with the pallor of death she spoke with complete clearness of mind; her last words in her mother's arms were: "Father, make haste and reach me your hand; Marie is dying!" — — As the inconsolable father touched her, she closed her lips for ever! — God give my poor sister strength to bear this loss with resignation. Oh, how gladly would I have given my *joyless* life for this angel. — — —

PÖTHEN, 29 *May* 1811.

Uncle's birthday assembled all his children and relations in a merry family party, which was, however, terribly upset by a fearful hurricane. My dearest uncle, as the father of his subjects, was giving the peasants a dance in his house, when a fearsome storm, with thunder and lightning in the air, summoned the merry dancers back to their own roofs. The trees were torn out of the earth by their roots, the tiles on the roofs fell crashing to the ground, the shutters tore

## 128 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

loose and swung against the windows under the lash of the wind. Hail and rain shattered some panes, so that the wet poured in torrents through the openings thus made and flooded the rooms! After this violent upheaval of Nature, the sun set gently and made peace with the elements. But in my uncle's park everything was swept bare, oaks and poplars lay in every direction, young shoots were torn off, flowers broken, the young birds that in the morning rejoiced in their existence lay lifeless on the ground. During the storm it seemed to me that the heavens were opened, I thought myself nearer my last home; my longing was so strong that I prayed God aloud to take me up into His heavenly kingdom. Ah, a stroke that annihilates so many creatures would have been welcome to me.

*A day later.*

My stay with you, my Lottie, will now have to be curtailed by some weeks, for an invitation has been accepted for us to go to Pymont to Uncle Cornberg, who wants to have his beloved sister and nieces with him for a few weeks.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XLVII

PYRMONT, 11 July 1811.

TRAVEL is the most effectual medicine for a sick mind, I feel now. The loveliness of Nature and the glorious neighbourhood draw me up gratefully to my God, and the selfish, downcast heart is ashamed of the grief which cries out against the Creator of so *lovely* a world. So I said to myself on the heights of the fortress of Hamelin, which Louise and I climbed at five in the morning on the 5th of this month. —

Heaven was so bright, Nature all round us so gentle, but here lay the wreckage of destruction. The fortifications, seemingly built by the hand of giants, had been demolished by the French in their hostile spirit of destruction. The old soldier-hero, Philip, who was our companion, described to us with a hero's inspired tongue the erstwhile fortifications, over whose ruins our foot sprang from stone to stone. On our return we found here Uncle Philip Cornberg, who had hurried to meet us; at the same moment arrived the Alvensleben family, who also intended to take the Pyrmont baths. I was delighted to see Countess Adelheid, an

## 130 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

old playmate, once more!—It was still before sunset when we reached the healing wells of Pyrmont, where we were welcomed by noisy music in the great avenue opposite our lodging. Next morning we were presented to the family of the Prince of Waldeck, when we made acquaintance with your two Stockhausen cousins, one of whom is lady-in-waiting at this Court. The relationship took off the stiffness of first acquaintance. The many new acquaintances seemed to me like an *ombre Chinoise*, which, scarce seen, vanishes again. Our walks in the forest are what I like best: the patient trees were often witnesses of our tears and complaints.

Continuous writing is strictly forbidden me by the doctor. Far from you as I now am, my Lottie, my thoughts are none the less near to you, and often accompany you on horse or on foot.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## XLVIII

PYRMONT, 2nd August 1811.

THE life here drags me perforce into its turmoil, and turns the dark course of my ideas to somewhat cheerfuller thoughts.

Baths and waters seem to have a good effect on my powers. That relapses will often come I do not doubt, for amid the social circle my spirit is often so vividly occupied with *him*, that I do not notice who are round about me. That *he* is ever near me I am certain, and this thought makes me *better*; I do nothing which he would have disapproved. This joyous consciousness that he floats invisibly about me like a good genius, gives me back my peace of soul when the pain — O pardon, Lottie, I forgot that I am in the midst of noisy Pyrmont. — The lovely country and an agreeable, sociable gathering of local people and visitors constitute the chief enjoyment of the Bath. I too have challenged fortune, to which end my kind uncle devoted me a louis d'or. With this little piece of gold I won thirteen times running; had I let it stand always, and not always taken up the modest gain, I should have broken the bank and won a great sum! My luck has got so notable that the gentlemen who wish to try their luck at the bank ask for my advice. Among others a Count von Wedell won 200 louis d'or yesterday on my advice. Adelheid Alvensleben and I have won together 22 thalers (Prussian) at the silver

bank. You will think from this that we waste our glorious time at the gaming-table; but no, our compact with the goddess of fortune is torn up; I content myself with my gain, and will not take the reputation of a gambler away with me. The Quaker colony at Königsthal has also been visited by us. This quiet, peaceful little people, whose simple manners are so utterly different from ours, is really worthy of respect, and their regularity, economy, cleanliness, and religiousness must be admired. From these quiet laborious folk I return to the world's noisy purposeless theatre. The most beautiful lady and pearl of the spa is the Russian Ambassadress, Alopeus.<sup>1</sup> Still all ladies withdraw from her *entourage*, and there remains to her a swarm of suitors who pay her court, Russian and German princes, Prince Leopold of Coburg, Prince Pudpus, General L., and a number of intellectual men.

This golden Sunday brings our stay to a close. Then we visit my uncle's estates. Address your answer to Pr. Minden,<sup>2</sup> dear Lotte, where a letter is longingly awaited by

THY PHILIPPINE.

<sup>1</sup> Herr von Alopeus was Ambassador in Berlin.

<sup>2</sup> Cornberg was Dean of Minden.

## XLIX

MINDEN, 16 *August* 1811.

OUR luck in travelling has remained constant to us, the weather splendid and the country full of charm, to which the situation of my uncle's house greatly contributes. The greater part of the day we spend in a little summer-house at the end of the garden, whence the view extends in the most smiling beauty to the chain of the Porta Westphalica mountains with the little town of Hausbergen and the Weser, large enough for ships, shining in the sun. I am often up before sunrise and feast my eyes on the glorious landscape. But it would be useless to try to describe these splendours of Nature to you, for never does the artist's pencil succeed in reproducing their magic, much less then my pen. In the pleasures of society Minden is quite poor. My sister's Abbess,<sup>1</sup> Minette von dem Busche, and her sister von Dinklage, both intelligent, merry, and full of life, often spend the evening with us, and as we are good walkers make us acquainted with the neighbourhood. This moment I hear again of a French general

<sup>1</sup> The home for ladies of noble birth was suppressed in 1848.



## 134 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

coming to dinner. All sorts of preparations demand my presence, I must therefore exchange the pen for the ladle, and just send you one more fond message from all around.

*Evening, 11 o'clock.*

I return to my Lottie fairly content with our company at dinner. An estimable old general, whose head the years have turned snow-white, was our dinner guest. He was travelling to the King of Westphalia at Cassel; this mission gave occasion to speak of Werner, and he promised to apply to the King and send him here to us within a week. Experience will show how much faith is to be put in French promises. The kind old man seemed in such a hurry that he will forget his promise as soon as he has left Minden behind! Tomorrow we travel to Lübke, so from Minden thy Philippine bids thee farewell.

L

LÜBKE, 19th August.

In this old robber's castle<sup>1</sup> we seem to ourselves like three enchanted princesses!—The

<sup>1</sup> In the little town of Lübbecke the building is known as "der Cornbergsche Hof," now a spinning factory.

ancient chatelaine of the donjon received us with deep curtsies, a rattling bunch of keys at her belt, and showed us our rooms at a giddy height on the third floor, which we reached, breathless and dizzy, up a steep winding-stair. The great lofty chambers with baronial hangings and four-posters, till now inhabited by rats and mice, were not very reassuring.—When the lady of the keys had left us, we tried to summon up a courageous spirit, but the moonbeams threw such a strange light on the pictures of the Cornberg family's ancestors as well as some aged ancestresses, who fixed their eyes sternly upon us, that we in turn could not shut ours. Then the usual inhabitants of the donjon, the rats and mice, came out of their hiding-places, so that we sought sleep in vain, although fatigue oppressed our eyes. The garden is surrounded by high walls so that the sun hardly shines into it; here again frogs and salamanders strive to establish their dominion, so that once more we abandon the field to them. We only need the reivers to transport us entirely into the fourteenth century!! It is to be hoped that we shall not stay long in this Rats' Tower.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LI

LÜBKE, 23rd August.

WHEN yesterday we had climbed into our four-posters, somewhat perturbed by the legends of antiquity with which the old Sibyl, who always conducts us to our antique apartments, had entertained us, we heard a strange sound. The bolts of the donjon gate were shot back! masculine steps and low whisperings before our door!—I had already buried my head under the counterpane in affright, when the door opened, and my uncle, in a white dressing-gown with a wax candle in his hand, introduced whom?—my beloved brother Werner!! Now we are reconciled to our sojourn here!—he makes it dear to us. So the good old Frenchman has kept his word! To the prayer that you will often think tenderly of me are added a thousand kind messages from my sisters by the pen of

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LII

MINDEN, 25th August 1811.

THE address on my letter tells you that we have exchanged our mouse-tower for pleasant

Minden again! Our two dear old folk went on ahead in a *demie fortune*, and we sisters followed in an open carriage, where our Werner's merry jests shortened the journey. His leave, alas, is up in a week; how deeply I shall miss him, he is so *indescribably* kind and *sympathetic*; how often he gently bids me be of good cheer when I am depressed; yesterday evening, too, I walked with him in the Cathedral Square till near midnight, under heaven's lovely canopy of millions of sparkling stars and the *majestic* comet, so entirely turned us to high thoughts. Never shall I forget the comforting words with which he dispelled my gloomy thoughts by a reference to re-union above!

*Some days later.*

Various excursions prevented me from writing for several days. My kind uncle is trying to make our visit here too pleasant to forget. An expedition to Bad Eilze<sup>1</sup> deserves mention, where the Prince<sup>2</sup> in person took us round and showed us all the improvements: his sister<sup>3</sup> was educated in Brunswick, and so known to us in old days.

THY PHILIPPINE.

<sup>1</sup> Near Bückeberg.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Georg Wilhelm laid out the buildings and gardens of Bad Eilze.

<sup>3</sup> Wilhelmine, afterwards Countess zu Münster-Ledenburg, mother of the Imperial envoy Prince Münster von Derneberg.

## LIII

MINDEN, 5th September.

You must not be vexed with me to-day, if I let my poor weary head sink awhile ; rather, being the tender sister of five brothers, you will find it natural that five sisters should cry somewhat over *one* brother from whom they are almost always parted. The departure of my beloved Werner has given me indescribable pain. And then one thought too troubles me ! That is, my uncle wants us to go with him on our way home as far as Hanover, where the Emperor Napoleon is expected on the 15th to hold a review of all the troops. Imagine, dear Lotte, with what sensations I should behold the murderer of my Albert, who fell on the same day two years ago as a victim to a tyrant's rage !! I feel that I cannot endure this sight, and should pay for the adulation and rejoicings and honours which follow the lord of the world everywhere with the bitterest feelings. On this day, when I can only find peace in the graveyard and devote myself only to God and to his memory, am I to behold the triumphal march of this French vulture !!!

Farewell, my Lottie. Could I find opportunity, how gladly would I fly from Hanover to you, for it is only in solitude that some measure of well-being comes to

THY PHILIPPINE.

LIV

HANOVER, 2nd October.

As the Emperor Napoleon did not come to Hanover, our stay was prolonged for a fortnight. The parting from our dear uncle would have been more sorrowful for us had we not the joy of being his hosts at Cöthen three weeks hence. Yesterday we arrived here and put up at Aunt Buschmünch's, after spending a day at the pleasant Bad Nenndorf. The good old Buschmünch had invited near and distant connexions in our honour, so that we were introduced in our *travelling clothes* to a large assembly, like horses at a show before a long line of one Excellency after another. After the "girl cousins, sweet posies with long and short noses," had betaken themselves to the card-table, several young masculine cousins, amongst others Count Münster, were made to share the pastime. We shall stay here

140 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

to-morrow, then spend a few days in Brunswick, where you will be seen, I hope, by

THY PHILIPPINE.

At Brunswick Count Alvensleben's coach picks us up, and we are to stay several days at Erxleben.

LV

CÖTHEN, 29th October 1811.

EVERY day we were looking forward to the joyful visit of our dear uncle, for which we were also expecting Uncle Cornberg from Berlin, and instead of this we receive news of the death of *both* of them!! How deeply this grieves us you may imagine, for we loved and revered them both from our childhood, and were treated by the former with the *most loving* kindness and goodness of heart. He will be mourned by many poor families whose sole support he was! Surely it seems as though I must experience all the darker side of life in Cöthen.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LVI

(*To the SISTERS at Cöthen*)

GEBHARDTSHAGEN, 26 *January* 1812.

MY DEAREST SISTERS—Surely no greater sacrifice can be offered to friendship than to transplant oneself in mid-winter to this Siberia of Brunswick.

When we left Cöthen on January 10th we were accompanied by such a snowstorm, with twenty-four degrees of frost, that I had to draw father's Polish cloak over my face if I would not lose nose and ears, and in consequence I should have been infallibly beheaded by a fallen tree had not Chretien given me such a push on the neck that I fell roughly on the floor of the carriage. The roads were bottomless, and our open, fragile vehicle always on the verge of upsetting; the cutting blasts of wind covered up the ditches and carriage tracks with flurries of snow, so that we often got off the right road unawares, and, moreover, our coachman often had his eyelashes frozen, and had to trust himself blindly to the guidance of the horses.

So with the frost in our faces we reached



Wolfenbüttel, where I was lifted out of the carriage like an immovable snowball and set beside the warm stove in the passage-room of the inn, which was filled with a crowd of men, for sentence of death was to be read by the jury to a certain Claus—who had shot a French colonel—in this inn. The august assemblage of all ranks gathered here threw a half-curious, half-smiling glance at me. Frost and cold had also frozen my sensitiveness; but when I had thawed somewhat this re-awakened, and I demanded to be taken to another room. But here I fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. In a large room stood “a ready *dîner* with baked meats and *gelée*! A savoury ragout in perfect *haut goût*! Not to forget the well-fattened pheasant, and over against it a roast fowl most pleasant!” &c. The door opened and a swarm of French officers seized upon the choice viands.—I was cowering in terror behind the stove when one of the unwelcome guests espied me and cried, “*Mon Dieu, une femme!*” Thereupon I became the target of everybody round the table.—At last my faithful travelling-companion appeared to release me from this torture-chamber. Upstairs in a big room we listened together to the assembling of the

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 143

jury, but when the staff was broken over the culprit's head<sup>1</sup> I withdrew quickly, for it sent a shudder through my whole body. — — On the evening of the 17th we reach the goal of the most tiresome frosty journey I have ever made. The stay here will offer me little change, for their spirits are partly ill at ease and partly depressed. — I trust that my poor Chretien had already made his cold journey back again, and is regaling himself with a cup of tea beside the warm stove in the midst of you, dear sisters, for which he is heartily envied by

YOUR PHILIPPINE.

## LVII

*(To the SISTERS in Cöthen)*

GEBHARDSHAGEN, 3rd February 1812.

IN your company, dear sisters, I hope to gather courage to endure this place of suffering with composure.—My journey here was to begin with a foretaste of my stay, and the path of my life here seems only to be planted with weeds and thistles, for wherever my foot takes its way it is hurt. In Frau von Münchhausen's room nothing is to be heard but lamentations

<sup>1</sup> See p. 77, note.

over the pressure of the exactions, which must give rise to universal famine. The papers are perused with groans and sighs, repeated by us in a threefold echo on account of the expedition into Russia. At dinner one might imagine oneself transported into the Trappist order, for not a syllable is exchanged; nothing is to be heard but the buzzing of the winter flies which swarm on our table, the yapping of the *twelve* poodles, and the pendulum of the clock. The latter are tones grateful to our ears, for *every single* second passed is welcome.

The steward has been laid up for the last week with a violent nervous fever; the excellent old precentor is ill with inflammation of the lungs; the poor pastor's wife—formerly a cheerful young woman—has gone out of her mind, because she reproaches herself with the death of her child who has just died; and finally, as the last of the list, I give you the name of the clerk Hille, who has fallen into melancholia because his father is drowned! So our *sole* recreation in this dreary monotony is *letters*. Every evening we run to meet our Mercury bedizened with snow and mud, and stretch out our hands, but either the post-bag is empty or the contents are anything but cheerful. For the note we got from Werner

yesterday distresses me unspeakably! They are expecting marching orders every day. — — It is natural that I cannot feel happy in these circumstances. Moreover, my Brunswick acquaintances send me special messengers almost every week with invitations to balls, which by some chance has come to Frau von Münchhausen's knowledge, and she is very much upset at the way people can give themselves up to enjoyment in these times of hardship. Ah, cards and dancing are things of the past for me! — — Frau von Münchhausen wants to get up an amusement of some kind for us, which is—to go to Wolfenbüttel to see the execution of Claus!! You may imagine how revolting the thought is to me, and I intend to proclaim myself sick. I can hardly look on when a pigeon's neck is wrung, how much more when a man's life is in question. Write a few words of consolation soon to

YOUR EXILED PHILIPPINE.

*P.S.*—Please ask my dearest mother if I may accept an invitation to Erxleben, the Countess (Alvensleben) *herself* asks me *very kindly*. The dinner-bell is ringing; I must give instant audience to Signor Appetite. — I have come back to you, my inner man full,

my head empty. Heavens! what a dinner! The meal was spiced with Ah and Oh and Woe! — — “Patience, desert me not!” — — The parson’s wife and the steward have been released from their misery by death; Hille is more melancholy than ever!

## LVIII

(*To the SISTERS in Cöthen.*)

ERXLEBEN,<sup>1</sup> 29th April 1812.

DEAR SISTERS,—The time of probation is over; I am released from exile! Never shall I forget this winter! What grieves me most, and what I cannot get over, is not to have seen brother Werner again before he went to the front. You, on the contrary, had the delight of having him in your midst for a week. This thought, the knowledge that Werner was with you, aroused such a vehement longing in me that for several days I had to struggle with the most dreadful home-sickness. I lost sleep and appetite, and could not leave my bed for weariness. Probably I should not have been well again by this time, had not my best medicine

<sup>1</sup>The seat of Count Alvensleben, in the district of Neuahaldensleben.

come from Adelheid von Alvensleben, who asked me to the christening of her little sister Clara, and forthwith fixed the day when the Count's carriage would come to Brunswick to fetch me. The cheerful prospect of being able to leave this abode of sorrow and eternal lamentation instantaneously restored my health. I am already quite at home in the family circle here; the Count and his loveable wife<sup>1</sup> are inexhaustible kindness itself! The way of living here is quite the opposite to that at Gebhardshagen. There one was entirely cut off from all pleasures of the world, and here we have *daily* visits, for the highroad to Magdeburg, Berlin, and other places runs through here; besides, the Alvensleben family is very *hospitable*, all passing travellers are welcome—cause enough for them to turn aside here gladly. Besides, there are, as you know, a great many neighbours, and the French billetting often mounts up to two Generals with their suite and family! — Never, too, have I felt myself so unconstrained and so kindly greeted as here. Everywhere that I am introduced by this family I meet the kindest reception. At Gebhardshagen, on the contrary, the constraint was so oppressive to me. Frau

<sup>1</sup> *Née* Von Rohr.

von Münchhausen is so terribly imposing, that I always imagined I saw a masked majesty in her and submitted humbly to her commands, following the example of Lottie. Here, on the contrary, I am raised in my own eyes by the confidence which the revered Countess shows in me. Amongst other things she entrusted me with the care of her little daughter, Clara,<sup>1</sup> during her absence at Finzelberg, where she was nursing her eldest daughter. — — The Countess asks a further extension of some weeks for me ; she wanted to keep me the whole summer. My dear little mother must not be vexed about it with

HER PHILIPPINE.

## LIX

CÖTHEN, 1st July 1812.

GLADLY would I have bidden my Lottie one more farewell from Erxleben, had I not been fetched away by brother-in-law Chretien no later than June 20th. The departure from Erxleben was *inconceivably painful* to me, for there I was beginning to grow somewhat reconciled again to life ; only the promise of speedy return made my departure easier. The

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Frau von Kotze of Klein-Oschersleben.

summer seems as if it would make up to me for the sorrowful winter spent amid many tears with you, my Lottie, for at the beginning of August I am engaged to go to Fritzchen Asseburg,<sup>1</sup> whereat I am uncommonly rejoiced, for you know that our souls are close bound in harmony. My stay at Erxleben was cut short by a week's visit to the Countess's daughter at Finzelberg,<sup>2</sup> for the christening of her granddaughter, Marie.<sup>3</sup> Here, too, I added many members to the circle of my acquaintance. The master of the house<sup>4</sup> is a very attractive, *clever* man, and his wife good-nature itself. His sister,<sup>5</sup> seemingly a youthful girl of thirty-six, is extremely lively. Thus she turns the byre into a ballroom, the chair she sits on into a swing, and her little niece into a doll to play with. — —

From Wegersleben,<sup>6</sup> a country house where Fritzchen lives, you shall once more receive a few lines from

THY PHILIPPINE.

<sup>1</sup> Already mentioned in Letter I. Afterwards Frau von Griesheim.

<sup>2</sup> Vinzelberg, district of Gardelegen.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards lady-in-waiting to Princess Liegnitz ; married Count Itzenplitz of Cunersdorf, district of Ober Barnim.

<sup>4</sup> Landesdirektor von Kröcher, grandfather of the present President of the House of Deputies, Herr von Kröcher-Vinzelberg.

<sup>5</sup> Sophie, afterwards Frau von Eckardstein.

<sup>6</sup> The seat of Count Asseburg.



## LX

WEGERSLEBEN, 2nd August.

THAT I have been living at the little villa W. since July 20th you know from sister Auguste, whom I travelled with as far as Halberstadt, dearest Lotte. . . . This quiet country existence, where music combined with reading makes our chief occupation, entirely suits my inclination, and I often feel quite merry, though indeed I torture myself with doubt and rejoice with hope all over again. — For example, as I was leaving Cöthen a silhouette of my Albert, very like him, was sent me by Caroline Rauchhaupt with the request that I would *never* inquire the donor. — I wrote urgently to ask, but without result, for she was bound by a sacred promise. This mysterious gift led me to fancy that Albert had been saved by some lucky accident, and wished to give me thus a token that he was alive! The oracle that is asked of every day by F. v. A. still further strengthened my surmises. For she is a famous prophetess, fortune-teller, and interpreter of dreams, and her utterances remain seldom unfulfilled. — — You know how little store I set by explanations of dreams, intimations, &c., would hardly refer to them did not the silhou-

ette justify me in a feeble hope. Besides, I recall a conversation which lately took place between Count von Alvensleben and several Count Schulenburgs in my presence, about a political work dealing with Schill's expedition, which apparently is written in a spirited style. The author subscribes himself A. v. W. Count von Schulenberg declared that he had been struck by the idea that the work was written by one of the Herrn von Wedell, who were known as clever people and were eye-witnesses, having taken part in the campaign. Count von Alversleben, who knew how nearly this name touched my heart, broke off the conversation by nudging his neighbour with his foot and reduced him to an astonished silence. I left the room and heard nothing more of it, but often wonder since the coming of the silhouette if my Albert could be in France or England, or like his cousin Heinrich von Wedell,<sup>1</sup> who was wounded at Magdeburg, and now is toiling as a galley-slave in France. — — — — Oh, away with these thoughts; no, better dead than subjected to such a yoke! I am incapable of writing more to-day. — — — —

<sup>1</sup> For the subsequent fate of Heinrich von Wedell see Appendix X.

## 152 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

I have cheering news of my Werner ; he has not yet been in danger. At Cöthen much is changed by the Duke's death and the unexpected dismissal of the *whole* Court. Poor Chretien<sup>1</sup> is now once more out of service.

GERMERSLEBEN, 6th August.

My letter has grown several days older, for I knew of a good opportunity from here to Brunswick. Since yesterday we have been with the Von Kotze family: the two Fräulein von Kotze are handsome, agreeable girls, who have no lack of suitors! The French guests, however, spoil the pleasantness everywhere. Still we make as though we did not understand their language in order to be quit of their wearisome, dull conversation, but, on the other hand, we *hear* various judgments about *ourselves*, when particular composure is needed to keep up the part.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LXI

CÖTHEN, 2nd December 1812.

A FEW lines from Werner, written upon a drum on the battlefield of Smolensk, inform us that he is *alive*, but wounded in the shoulder,

<sup>1</sup> Von Münchhausen became Captain in the Brunswick Compagnie d'élite in 1813, and afterwards was transferred to the service of the Court.

and now is afraid that this wound may be represented to us with some exaggeration, wherefore he writes a few words himself. The wound has injured several bones in his arm, and the gold bits of his epaulettes, which must be cut out separately, make the wound worse and cause him great pain. — He received the Good Service Order on the battlefield. — Dissatisfaction shows itself in his letters ; he who used always to struggle against the burdens of life heroically must have many troubles to bear here. He writes that they had to contend not only with the vast superiority of a colossal nation, but with ignorance of the country, with the elements, and with hunger, privation, lack of strength and supplies, so that they were perforce digging their own graves without being able to arrest the swift course of fate. Yet the *Moniteurs* speak of victory after victory which have opened the way to Moscow.

But fortune will one day turn her back upon her favourite. How happy I am that my Werner is saved from further dangers, and we can assuredly rejoice to see him again soon. We are working industriously for him, in order, at least, to fill up some gaps in his linen ! — As we share an equal interest in the fate of our brothers, I had to let you know

154    LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

of his writing at once, and therewith excuse the shortness of this note.

THY PHILIPPINE.

LXII

CÖTHEN, 16th December 1812.

ASSUREDLY the lucky wheels in the conqueror's triumphal car are broken, and the horses have taken flight at the Russians' torchlight procession. The French entered Moscow without stroke of sword, but what have they conquered? Nothing but—smoke and steam!!! How many sacrifices will this war still demand! Ah, were but my poor Werner here by this, how he should be tended.

*Some days later.*

How awful and heart-rending are the accounts of the crossing of the Beresina on the 27th and 28th of November. This flight of the shattered army sets the crowning touch to the wretch. I quake and tremble as I describe you this nameless horror, for *our brothers were there!* The Russians' whole forces pursued their enemies, weakened as they were by hunger, frost, privation, and death. The remnant of the whole great army came to

grief at this crossing. The retreat concentrated itself at this little point, one and all hurried to escape; the whole river was choked with dead men and horses, waggons, cannon and ammunition waggons. Most were too exhausted to be able to swim, and so met their death in the waters of the river. Their bed and only food for long before the crossing of the Beresina was the blood-stained snow of the icy waste and mangled bodies of horses. The few who reached the nearer bank safely shared but one feeling—weariness of life. — The hapless brothers-in-arms often lay down by hundreds beside a watch-fire, and in the morning perhaps only ten of them woke up, to look with envy at the graves of their brothers in their endless sleep, and to curse their own existence.

Some whose brain was frozen went raving mad; others sank into dull despair. And the cross these innocent men had to bear was laid upon them by *one* ambitious man who thought to conquer the whole world. *He* has got away safely and abandoned his poor soldiers to misery and death by starvation. I am most especially sorry for my poor fellow-countrymen!

We have had no letter from Werner, but

## 156 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

know he is in hospital at Wilna. A Westphalian officer we spoke to saw him before Wilna. He has already been taken prisoner several times by the Cossacks, but always made his escape by some trick, the last time indeed out of a second floor window in a convent dressed in a Cossack uniform. — — Oh, Lottie, how long will it be before this murderous war comes to an end, and we no longer groan under the iron grip of tyranny!! How long it is that the soldiers have renounced their own hearth, that children miss their father, and the betrothed weep for their beloved. But *one* place of re-union awaits us all!! — — —

*Some days later.*

As I wrote I was interrupted by the unexpected visit of my cousin Werder, *née* Wedell. From her I have learnt that my Albert entrusted the silhouette to Heinrich Wedell, whose life is still wasting away in galley slavery, with the request to put it in my hands as an everlasting remembrance. — — — Oh, now, I thank my kind God for saving him from this horrible war and from slavery. It is well with him, and 'twould be selfishness to wish him back.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LXIII

*CÖTHEN, 2nd January 1813.*

DAY after day the scenes of woe renew themselves before our eyes and rend the hearts of sympathisers. — — — Cripples without arms and legs, sick men lifted from the carts at the point of death, madmen fill the air with lamentations and curses. Soldiers in the most diverse uniforms from every country curse their sorrowful existence. Hearts no longer glow with lofty heroism. The harsh, bitter cold has been the grave of fame and ambition! We not only see with our own eyes these figures of misery that have been crippled by the enemy's bullets and the frost, but also hear the most blood-curdling tales of the horrible anarchy which prevailed in the army. Six men would often fight to the death for a bit of mangled horse-flesh, and then the victor, too weak to munch his prize himself, would fall a victim to hunger. Yesterday evening an old General told us another story about two officers of his regiment. There were two Counts M., near relatives of the Empress Josephine, whose rare qualities, both of mind and body, made them the pick of the French



## 158 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

Guards. In a battle one of them was wounded in the head, but nevertheless continued fighting by the side of his brother in order not to quit him, until he was hit by a second bullet. At the flight across the Beresina this noble pair of brothers was still to be seen, the wounded one leading the horse on which the other brother was firmly tied, because both his legs had been frost bitten and amputated. Several days later the Colonel-General recognised their dead bodies again, quite stiff, but still arm in arm. The wounded one had stripped himself almost entirely in order to warm his frozen brother with his clothes. He had bound him with several Turkish shawls on a cart-ladder, as the horse had probably foundered. The General broke off more than once in telling us the affecting end of the interesting brothers, for he was still deeply moved by it, and his blood had been so chilled before and his feelings so blunted by his own sufferings that he had not shed one tear of compassion. The old General also described several scenes, when lads of eighteen carried their wounded fathers on their shoulders through the flames, to secure a sad respite for their dear ones, and how next morning

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 159

they were found united in their everlasting sleep, deeply envied by the survivors. As the military road now takes its course through Cöthen, you can imagine, dear Lotte, how thickly the fugitives come marching through, and how soon the enemy will follow upon their heels. Then we may see ourselves transported into the midst of a bloody battle-field. As things are, we frail mortals must bow and follow as the arbiter of fate directs. You, kind Lotte, only *hear* of these horrifying trains of fugitives, but we *see* day after day, nay every *hour*, these cripples who have no more likeness to any human form.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LXIV

CÖTHEN, *beginning of February* 1813.

EVERY day we have a visit from some Westphalian friends as they return! — A few days ago cousin Cornberg surprised us, and Herr von Gylsa came to bring us the joyful news that we might see Werner arrive at any moment, as he had drunk a glass of schnaps with him this side of Königsberg to the health of his family. So now we are working to the best

## 160 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

of our power to replenish his poverty of linen. Our joyous expectation cannot be described. I scarcely leave the window, in order to be the first to embrace our beloved. — — But while I have been chattering to you I might have knitted half a sock for my dearest. Farewell, little queen of my heart !

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LXV

*Beginning of March 1813.*

MY most earnest desire to see dear Werner amongst us again seems to remain void of fulfilment, for the news that he has left Wilna seems not to be confirmed, and is either a fable of Herr von Gylsa to give us pleasure or a mistake as to having seen him near Königsberg. Friends of ours left him in hospital at Wilna, where he stayed behind, laid up with a wound and suffering from an injury to his foot. So after all this *joy*, too, was one more illusion of life ! Your brother August has, I hear, been taken prisoner and transported into the interior of Russia. — Well, this will probably be the fate of my dear Werner too hereafter. The kind

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 161

Creator has protected him in danger, and will aid him now in captivity likewise!

THY PHILIPPINE.

### LXVI

*Beginning of April 1813.*

WHAT do I hear, dearest! The disturbers of peace now want to put a drag on our correspondence too! The post is interrupted, yet it shall make no breach in our conference, for you are to receive a faithful echo of my thoughts at every opportunity! — — I begin my journal with a happy day, the day before yesterday, which we spent at Dessau on the arrival of the ten thousand times welcome Prussians and Cossacks. I expected the latter to include real cannibals, and saw laughing good-natured faces with bushy eyebrows, who made their entry singing, laughing and dancing. Incessant firing indicated a Prussian victory at Daniko,<sup>1</sup> and on our way back we saw a pillar of fire ascend on the dark horizon, and were terribly shocked to learn from some

<sup>1</sup> Dannigkow, south-east of Magdeburg. A battle took place here on 5 April 1813, in which Lieut.-Gen. von York, Lieut.-Gen. von Berg, and Lieut.-Gen. von Bülow, under the supreme command of General Wittgenstein, beat the French as they withdrew to Magdeburg.

Prussians riding by, that Leitzkau<sup>1</sup> was a prey to the flames.

CÖTHEN, 11th April.

The development of events hurries on with gigantic impetus! The great powers are pursuing the enemy with such heroic force that he must soon submit. — — Oh! never shall I forget the happy day that brought us our deliverers from the yoke of oppression! York's corps<sup>2</sup> marched in here yesterday amid cheering and blowing of trumpets! Among the volunteer corps, formed of gentlemen, we met several of our friends again; youths of fourteen to sixteen had enlisted to share the fight for King and Country and Liberty and Fatherland. Captain von Treuenfels had got himself billeted on us along with several officers. But the faithful Fels (=rock) has been unfaithful to me; he has married, and married my double too, for a miniature of her he has in his pocket-book is so like me

<sup>1</sup> An old property of the Münchhausens.

<sup>2</sup> After the battle of Dannigkow, York stayed in that village for the night of the 5th to 6th April; on April 7 the second division of his corps marched to Zerbst, as did his fourth division on the 8th. On April 9th both concentrated in the neighbourhood of Zerbst, and marched to Dessau over the bridge across the Elbe, which had been rebuilt. On April 10th the corps concentrated south of Dessau and marched the same day to Cöthen, which was York's headquarters during the succeeding days.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 163

that every one who saw it took it to be my counterfeit.

*The 12th (April).*

I have just come from a solemn ceremony out of doors, where all the soldiery took the sacrament in the sight of God. The chaplain Rode gave a wonderful sermon, and incited them to courage and strength in the struggle. — It was an inspiring moment to see these soldiers in arms praying to God with bent knee and folded hands! — — The hautboy players struck up a *Te Deum* while the sacrament was being offered them. You may imagine, Lottie, how at heart I was one with them! Herr von Treuenfels gave us a surprise just now with a beautiful serenade from his regimental band.

*The 14th, 5 o'clock in the morning.*

I was prevented from writing yesterday by the arts of the toilet and the looking out flags for a ball, for a grand ball was being got up in honour of the Prussians. — — The entire hall was full of dancers when we entered, and as their numbers exceeded that of the ladies, we were surrounded by gentlemen asking for dances; amongst others, I was engaged for a Hungarian waltz, when, being in conversation with some one else, I did not notice my

partner. — After a moment's pause he claimed me, and then for the first time I saw the speaker and stood petrified—the answer died on my lips. — I turned to my neighbour, Caroline Rauchhaupt, who, with a cry of amazement, exclaimed “Albert Wedell.” — Voice, features, figure, uniform, all were his very counterpart!! I had to leave the room to recover composure, for the beloved name “Albert Wedell” echoed from mouth to mouth. To excuse my confusion to the young man I told him the cause of it, his likeness to my cousin. As chance would have it, he had been with him for three years in the Cadet Corps at Berlin, and they had been intimate friends. He spoke with great sympathy of his sad fate, in which I did not openly join, for a ball is not the place to touch on this sad subject. — — — He asked me for more dances, which, however, I would not give him. Thereupon he danced no more, but often talked to me in the intervals. —

Yesterday's ball was momentarily interrupted by the call “to arms.” All the officers seized their death-dealing swords and hurried out, but some came back cheerfully to continue their dance. The cause of the alarm was an affair of outposts on a reconnaissance. A great force

of the enemy, Prince Eugene's<sup>1</sup> corps, lies two hours' march from here, this side of Bernburg, and is ready for battle at any moment.

15th April.

The pealing of all the bells interrupted my writing yesterday. Divine Service was being held, and the officers of the General Staff, the splendid old York at their head, took the sacrament, and the chaplain Rode delivered such a beautiful sermon that there was not a dry eye among his hearers. He encouraged the soldiers to steady endurance by the promise of an eternal reward that should crown the glorious victor.—This holy act as a preparation for danger, fills all hearts with emotion and inspiration for the *righteous* struggle. After service, Freiherr von Rango was announced, and in walked the double of my Albert to take his leave, as he would probably be sent off as Adjutant-General.

Do not believe, dear Lotte, that this likeness is an illusion of my imagination: no, my family and all our friends find it unmistakable, only that my Albert was handsomer and looked

<sup>1</sup> Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, Napoleon's stepson, was in command of the French troops retiring upon Magdeburg. On April 15 the French made a reconnaissance from Bernburg towards Cöthen.



better. He himself declared that the townspeople in the street spoke to him about it. In the evening we were invited with the officers billeted on us to the Werders'. To my astonishment we found Herr von Rango there too; for his despatch had been put off till to-morrow morning. The hautboy players played for some hours, then I had to sing a duet with Herr von Gemmingsen, who, as you know, has a splendid voice. And at last Herr von Rango, at the request of all the officers present, let himself be persuaded to recite. He was far better than the Leipzig reciter Solbrig, whom you have often heard at our house, and to this his handsome appearance and admirable voice contributed greatly. — The officers saw us home, and I could not refuse the arm of Herr von Rango. — What an ominous clatter of arms and clamour of drums rings through all the streets! — — — —

*16th April.*

Yesterday ended more cheerfully for us than seemed likely at first. The trumpets' signal summoned all the troops to march away. The cavalry hurried off at full gallop. The heavy artillery followed clattering, and in the twinkling of an eye the town was emptied of men, and the inhabitants, in gloomy uncertainty as to

the arbitrament of the next moment, shrank into their dwellings like snails. Far off we heard the musketry of the outposts. Herr von Sterney ascended the castle tower with Louise and me, so as to be able to judge of the position of the troops. It was horrible to see how the two forces stood loweringly over against one another. A reserve regiment too, stationed behind Cöthen, received orders to break camp, and so all the soldiers summoned up their energies for the approaching battle. — Our heart-beats quickened with every roll of the drums we heard from afar off, and the tension in which we were as to the result, is beyond description, when a mounting cloud of dust which enveloped the enemy's forces, indicated their retreat. — — So only a piece of French politeness, a return call for our reconnaissance. Our people, feeling too weak to venture on an attack, retired to their quarters in the town. The anxiety we had endured naturally gave place to a most merry mood, and the evening was spent at our house in a gathering of our friends and the officers billeted on them. As Herr von Rango had paid a call in the afternoon, he of course had an invitation too. — How vividly this evening recalled the past! — — even the little services

at tea which Albert never let any one else do to lighten my task, were undertaken with the greatest readiness by his double. — — —

Yesterday my pen took a day's rest, which must be made up for by a forced march to-day. We spend the evenings very pleasantly in the company of our friends, where elegance is always united with a lively humour. At the Behrs' yesterday, we acted "proverbs" for the sake of variety, amongst others the word "Bridal wreath"; the happy couple were chosen by lot, and chance willed—without any conspiracy—that the lot should fall upon Herr von Rango and myself, which was disagreeable to me, as it gave an opening for teasing, and emboldened him even to make allusions to it. He makes ingenious pretexts for visiting us *every day*, bringing Minette pieces of music he has set to the piano for her, or toys he has promised to Auguste's children. And yesterday evening on the way home he besought me *earnestly* for an admission of my liking, as he could not yet hope for love. I could not grant him this, for in this young man I only care for the *likeness*, not the personality.

21st April.

Our soldiers have received marching orders, to the regret of all! — — — Herr von Rango

spent the afternoon with us, and told us all about his family connexions. His father was once page to Frederick the Great, and is now a colonel in the Prussian army. He seems to be very deeply attached to his father, and describes him to us as a very fine and lovable man. "My father," he said, "is my most intimate friend, confidant and judge of all my doings." His mother, who is divorced from his father, married an ambassador, Count —, in Brazil, and lives out there quite happily but for being separated by the distance from her two *only* sons. These frank revelations of filial love speak to his open disposition. — — — Can this strange coincidence of likeness to that friend of mine I can never forget be governed by blind chance or by a higher power? You will fancy, my kind Lottie, that Albert is gradually fading from my memory; ah, on the contrary, in Herr von Rango I only love the dead.

*22nd April.*

Herr von Rango has been ordered back with a detachment and the baggage, and came immediately to tell us of it triumphantly; several officers besides, who were left in the neighbourhood, will go to the ball with us.

*23rd, morning.*

This morning I was woke from sweet slumbers by divine Janissary music from two Russian regiments which were marching up our castle square. — — Last night we were in the midst of dancing the polonaise with many variations when marching orders came, which caused a revolution among all the merry dancers. The gentlemen only waited for day-break to leave the ball and bestride their chargers, so that a respite was still granted us. The moment of parting naturally brings hearts somewhat nearer, and Herr von Rango's earnest entreaties to regard him as a dying man who could not command more than the next moment, ended in the bold wish to possess a lock of my hair, which I would not grant him, for in my view a mutual exchange of locks is as indissoluble as an exchange of betrothal rings. In the same way I could not allow him to correspond with me either, which he begged for earnestly, — — but my eyes will not keep open, and the brilliant evening-star tells me that the hour is not far off when it is best for thy Philippine to close her eyes in sleep.

## LXVII

CÖTHEN, 12 *May* 1813.

FRIENDSHIP'S trials of patience are growing severer than ever, for the mischief-makers are always setting up new barriers between us. The campaign seems not yet to be developing, but is likely soon to end in an important battle; preparations for it are becoming more and more menacing and the regulations more stringent. Armies often gather like heavy thunder-clouds above our heads, and leave us for hours in tremulous anxiety, but always dissolve in a little shower of bullets. — — Yesterday evening again we spent a stormy night in watching, for we were threatened with destruction at the first light of day. Prince Eckmühl's<sup>1</sup> army had left its position and drew nearer our town. The Russians did not stir from our square. General York, camped two hours from us, sent one messenger after another to be informed of the situation of affairs. The roar of the cannon near at hand had already begun to shake our windows, the shops were shut, property secured against plundering. With heroic courage Louise and I ascended

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Eckmühl (Louis Nicolas Davoust), Duke of Auerstädt, a Marshal of France.

our observatory, for the rumours seemed to us sheer inventions. A deceptive morning mist still hid the enemy from our sight. Still a flame flashing through bore witness to their proximity. At last the fog lifted like a curtain and now let us survey the theatre of war. On every side we could see gleaming bayonets unroll like a skein, and eager for battle, prepare for victory or death. An anxious activity inspired our town soldiers also. The first shot rang out, and was answered by a rattle from the enemy's outposts. — — Then we hurried to the shelter of our own roof in order not to be barred out; the whole day passed in anxious expectation without the two parties coming to close quarters in earnest, and for several nights we slept in our clothes. We have provided ourselves amply with charpie and so forth, for who knows whether we shall not still have to render active help as sisters of mercy. Heaven has endowed me, as a soldier's promised bride, with heroic courage. I will gladly use my hands—not for fighting—that were unwomanly, but in helping the suffering heroes of the war.

*The 26th.*

An important engagement, it is reported, took place yesterday at Lützen, but victory

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 173

remained undecided. At last my letter has found its way clear. Every day it was growing older, but not thinner. — — I often thank my God now on my knees that Werner is a prisoner and is not compelled to fight against his countrymen and his *rightful* king. — — If we only had a line from him,—yet his life is in the Creator's hands! — — General Oppen was quartered with us, a most attractive old man of seventy, whose restless spirit of adventure makes him fight as a volunteer by the side of his three sons and four grandsons.

THY PHILIPPINE.

## LXVIII

CÖTHEN, —*16 June.*

You are generally such a punctual correspondent, dearest Lotte, but for weeks past you have been letting the reputation you have won go down. — — Constant passage of troops and billetings bring daily changes into our stirring life that are often agreeable but often disagreeable too. My exemplary memory shall dash you off a hurried sketch of this. The good-natured sociable Cossacks, who have long been bivouacking in the castle square, shut us



up within our four walls. They have also taken possession of our hall, courtyard and stable. Count von Cruss paid us a call in order to excuse the importunity of his soldiers and to urge them to moderation. They often lead me to the piano, where I have to sing them Volkslieder like "Schöne Minka." He invited us in person to a ball which he is getting up in honour of General Tschernischef. His officers get him to introduce them to the young ladies in order to ask them to dance. We were much struck by the courtly tone of this rude nation; they address us in various languages, and to northern loyalty unite the courtesy of the south. In the intervals between the dances the Cossacks sang national songs and danced national dances, which are most characteristic. We were astonished to see Herr von Bötticher in the General's suite. —General Tschernischef is noted as a *fine intellectual* man of twenty-six, but one might wish him more modesty along with these qualities. He is excessively polite; calls himself "L'enfant gâté des parisiennes," amongst whom he spent three years! You know, dearest Lotte, how repulsive to me this self-praise always is in men! After the capture of Berlin, which he cleared of the French

pests, he had an engraving made of himself; brought us several copies of it the other day when he called upon us, and was astonished not to see our walls adorned with his picture as was done at Dessau and wherever else he had been in princes' palaces. I have hardly ever seen a more coquettish gentleman. This ball was followed by several "ditto," for the Russians seemed to like dancing. The suppers, in Russian fashion, are combined with Oriental magnificence; in them you find united what dazzles the eye and tickles the taste. The most exquisite art had been employed in arranging the dessert; artificial bouquets and little boxes filled with bonbons were presented all round. Orange blossom, placed here and there in shining vases between the *épergnes*, brought spring magically to the tables, which were set with hot-house fruit from the neighbourhood. There is further talk of many festivities in honour of victory, which actually are to be crowned by a masked ball. We have to go away before, because we are to spend Whitsuntide at Trebnitz, which I am particularly glad of, because amusements in the midst of the turmoil of war are repellent to me. Your journals certainly speak of the victory at the battle of Bautzen; at all events

## 176 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

the French got a little of the dust knocked out of their jackets there. — —

Kind Colonel von Cruss is going to apply to his uncle the Minister of War, Prince von N., about an exchange for my brother,<sup>1</sup> and General Tschernischef to the Emperor himself for the same purpose, so that we have the sure prospect of soon seeing him again.—Herr von Rango often writes to Herr von Behr; he took part in the battle of Bautzen, and hopes that the fortune of war will soon bring him back to the neighbourhood of Cöthen.

THY PHILIPPINE.

### LXIX

*20th August 1813.*

Does my Lottie believe the truce in war involves a pen-truce too, that she makes so little use of the active post? The presence of the French during the armistice will not be at all to our liking, especially as the inhuman notorious Vandam is at their head. This time we have been greatly spared in the matter of billeting, as we were overwhelmed with it before, without complaining.

<sup>1</sup> Werner von Griesheim appears to have died at Wilna; the family never received certain news of his fate.

LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 177

Napoleon the *Great* was expected here, but I am going away to honour his greatness at a distance. — — It was suggested at this time that we should see the Weimar Theatre Company at Halle.

For to-day, farewell, my dear,

THY PHILIPPINE.

LXX

1st September 1813.

HOSTILITIES have begun again with a lost battle for the French at Berlin. Ney's corps is reported as being almost annihilated! At the same time our correspondence too is interrupted again, and I must write once more at various intervals and in snatches.

Regiments consisting of nothing but "Cupids,"<sup>1</sup> Baskiren, Cossacks, and so forth have again marched in upon us, and at the head of them, to our delight and surprise, Colonel von Cruss, of whose glorious courage and noble discipline at the battle of Güterbock the papers are talking loudly. — — — Our deepest sympathy for suffering is often called upon now, for every day our pity is claimed for the wounded and burnt, the widows

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenants (Transl.).

and orphans made destitute by this merciless war.

The turmoil of war is constantly increasing, and must come to a head at last and burst in a furious storm. At our neighbour towns of Dessau and Bernburg several skirmishes between Swedes and French have taken place; we at the centre point can check off the pattern-card of all the nations who appear and disappear like *ombre Chinoise*. Yesterday the French hurried off while a squadron of Poles pursued them through the streets with pistols cocked; outside the town reinforcements came up, and the Poles had to retire from the field. The hellish anxiety of our townspeople beggars description; the shops are shut and the doors barricaded. To-day Count Orack marched his corps in here; he is staying at the old Lady Chamberlain von Vettheim; we are invited to her house for dinner and in the evening, for she is not so entirely mistress of the French language.

12th October 1813.

Yesterday evening there was a grand impromptu at the Master of the Household, von Sterney's, in honour of several dancing Generals. Here there was a mixture of most diverse nations, including, indeed, two

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED 179

captured princes from Georgia in Asia. Count Woronzow belongs to the most agreeable set of friends we have made. Among his notable services, his modesty and his kindness towards his prisoners impress themselves most strikingly on one's mind. Count von Lövenstern seemed interesting to me, because Kotzebue often mentions him in his "Most Memorable Year of my Life," in Siberia.

*The 13th.*

Yesterday at Frau von Sterney's General Benkendorf, General Count Pahlen, a Pole, and others were introduced to us. Our house now is like a beehive, scarcely ever empty of troops, which quarter themselves upon us of their own accord, on account of our courtyard, and others in their turn fill up the vacancy! Yesterday Herr von Treuenfels, whose regiment is stationed near by, came to our house. What grievous losses York's corps has suffered! Herr von Rango was wounded in the foot, but now is fit for service again. To-day several regiments of Swedes marched in here with their Crown Prince. They have taken possession of the castle, our square, hearth and home. The troops are in constant movement; couriers, estafettes, special posts gallop across the castle square. This seems to point to important

events which must develop. The passage of troops becomes more frequent, the scarcity greater and greater, and provisions, of course, go up entirely. Yesterday from seven o'clock in the morning till evening at the same hour troops kept on passing through, in all 200,000 men, of whom 100,000 remained within a distance of two hours' march from us. The blowing of bugles, the beating of drums, the Janissaries' music are still ringing in my ears, so I am deafened by the tumult. From our observatory I saw armies thronging as far as my eye could reach on our highways and byeways in every direction. We supplied quarters to several Generals, a Minister of War, officers, and fifteen servants. To these were added several callers, such as Prince Putbus, General Oppen, Count Rosen, Count Sternkrona, Baron Adlerkreutz, and others besides.

*The 15th.*

Yesterday the word was that the troops would leave us, the Crown Prince too went off with his suite, but they came back after a few hours. Yesterday evening again our whole *étage* was filled with military of different nationalities. The English General, Lord Stuart, who is famous for his enormous wealth, was introduced to us. Frau von Velt-

heim came too with her Austrian billeting, a Count von Pombel, who sings *beautifully*, and with whom I sang many duets, to hear which the uninvited company, consisting of thirty to forty strangers, stayed *sans façon* till nearly twelve o'clock. The old Swedish General Rosen constantly assured us, "il me semble être de votre famille, tant je me trouve à mon aise avec vous!" Prince Putbus, who also joined us in the evening, considers him the bravest General in the army.

*The 16th.*

The parting from our *modest*, kindly Swedes makes us all as *sad* as if they were our countrymen, and the dear old general our near relation. It seemed impossible for us to let the Guards go empty away, for they have hot times before them, and assuredly need fortifying. Minette and I fetched the last fruit out of the cellar to refresh them. My dearest Lotte, you ought to have beheld this scene of hunger and gratitude! A thousand hands stretched out towards us gratefully for the scanty gift! All who were attached to the suite of the Crown Prince gave us a last mute greeting with hand and eye. — Oh, a thousand times rather will I do something to subdue my hunger and satisfy myself with bread and water than see these



## 182 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

noble soldiers who are sacrificing themselves for our country go without the most needful sustenance.

*The 17th.*

Since the passage of troops has already caused such starvation and devastation, what can one expect of the scene of battle! All the gardens and houses in the town are damaged; no benches and palings to be seen any more. — Yet these can be restored by time and peace, but the deep wounds which war inflicts on humanity remain impossible to forget! — To-day 4000 French prisoners and wounded, who were slowly wasting away from weakness, were brought in here. The Prince's stables have given them shelter, where they beseech our charity through the barred windows. "*Du pain, pour l'amour de Dieu!*" — Ah, and we cannot help; we ourselves do not get our fill, often and often there is not a bit of bread to be had in the whole town.

*20th October 1813.*

Triumph, triumph, darling Lotte, the righteous cause is victorious, the enemy is overcome! A stormy October evening, which most pleasantly invited to a cup of tea by a warm stove and a confidential talk with our neighbours,

was interrupted by a furious knocking at our door. An officer of our former billeting burst in breathlessly to bring us happy tidings of the glorious victory that has been won at Leipzig.

He was despatched as courier to P. — — I cannot find words for our joy after such agonising suspense for the result! The fight, we hear, was *awful*, but the victory all the more glorious. The axis of the whole world's history has been turned round by this great battle of the nations, and strong though the resistance was, this time, nevertheless, the goddess of fortune stood beside the banners of the Allies. The French have suffered an *utter* defeat, and naturally the victory was won at a great sacrifice. Streams of blood were poured out in the streets; the enemy was pursued over piles of corpses! — — But away with these images from the theatre of war! — —

Peace now will follow immediately, and what a happy prospect therefore opens to every family! What a joyous increase of happiness after the anxious endurance of sorrow, *peace* will bring to every heart! The passage of troops continues. Couriers and estafettes hurry by, each trying to outstrip the other, and our courtyard and post-house are always filled with travellers. — — We have

bought deliverance from chains with many sacrifices, but we exchange our present yoke for a kindly future. May God soon heal the wounds inflicted by this bloody war. The lists of the dead will still pierce many a heart! But those who fell in this righteous cause God will perhaps raise into the third heaven! — If only I could transport these lines into your hands by a stroke of magic, in order to share this joy of victory with you! Ah, all too gladly would I proclaim our happiness to the whole world with Huon's horn!

It is long since I have bidden you farewell so happily.

THY PHILIPPINE.

---

This letter closed Philippine's correspondence with her friend Charlotte, probably in consequence of the fact that Philippine returned to Brunswick.

In fact, when peace was concluded and Duke Friedrich Wilhelm, in December 1813, took possession of his land of Brunswick again amid the indescribable acclamations of the people, Philippine was presented to him on the occasion of a banquet. To the daughter the Duke displayed a warm interest in her family, of

which he preserved a constant recollection, and expressed a strong wish to see General von Griesheim's widow with her daughters at his court again. In the event of her return to Brunswick, he settled a modest pension on her. She obeyed this honourable summons with pleasure. In this spot, where she had passed her first happy youth, and nothing reminded her of her grievous loss as Cöthen constantly did, Philippine gradually recovered her health and cheerfulness.

The country was not to enjoy peace for long. Napoleon's escape from Elba and his appearance in France forced on new armaments and aroused universal disquiet and trouble. The Duke marched away with his newly organised troops to join Blücher and Wellington in Belgium. The unfortunate result of the battle of Quatre Bras is well known; the death of the Duke made a crushing impression in Brunswick. Philippine refers to this catastrophe in later letters: "The loss of our beloved Duke, the almost entire annihilation of the troops—almost all commanders among the killed and wounded—filled every heart with horror and dismay."

For the second time within a space of nine years the Brunswickers mourned for a Duke

## 186 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

whom his heroic courage, an inheritance from his father, had brought within range of the enemy's bullets. Never will his memory perish from out of the hearts of his people! — — —

The year 1815 brought Philippine the parting from her friend Charlotte, who married Thedel von Walmoden of Old Walmoden, where her direct descendants live at the present day. After a severe struggle, Philippine resolved to follow her friend's example. Yielding to the wish of her mother and sisters, she accepted the repeatedly renewed proposals of the Chamberlain Philip Leberecht von Cramm of Samleben and Oelber, whose family belongs to the old nobility of Lower Saxony.

The tender comprehension of Philippine's sorrowful memories felt by her husband is attested by the fact that in fulfilment of her wish he gave their second child the name of Albert.

The marriage, which took place in the year 1816, and was blessed with two daughters and one son, was dissolved by the death of the husband five years later.

Philippine gave herself up to the education of her children with whole-hearted devotion, and for the sake of their instruction spent many years at Dresden and at Montmirail on

the Lake of Neuchâtel. Her beauty, her mental gifts and musical talents won her everywhere a leading position in society.

The love and respect she received on every hand, prepared a rarely exquisite evening to her life. The "old Lady-in-Waiting" with the regular, finely cut features and the eyes with the kindly expression, was a well-known and beloved personage in Brunswick and in Harzburg, where she used to stay every summer. Just as her character showed itself in the letters of her youth as free from vanity, pride, and ambition, so in her age she preserved a subtle air of distinction which, united to a rare kindness of heart, brought her an extraordinary tribute of reverence and respect from high and low, young and old.

To the end of her long life she cherished the loving remembrance of her "unforgotten Albert," and every day, if the weather made it in the least possible, she was taken in her bath-chair to the Schill Museum, which meanwhile had been founded at Brunswick.

She closed her eventful life just before the completion of her ninety-first year, on June 5, 1881, deeply mourned by her daughters, grand-children, and great-grandchildren. Her son Albert, who married Mechthilde, Countess

## 188 LETTERS OF A BETROTHED

von Veltheim, predeceased her. Her elder daughter, Mathilde, married her Cousin Freiherr Wilhelm Roeder von Diersburg, Lieut.-Colonel in the Brunswick Service, who died in 1863; and her younger, Hedwig, Baron Adolf von Cramm of Rhode, Hereditary Chamberlain to the Duchy of Brunswick, who died in 1879.

In death as in life Philippine von Cramm received extraordinary honours. The people of Brunswick, who used to call her "our veteran from the great time," conducted her to her last resting-place with the military honours usually accorded to none but high officers.

## APPENDICES





## APPENDICES

### I

KARL WILHELM FERDINAND, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, *b.* 1735, assumed the government in 1770. Nevertheless he remained in the Prussian Service. He successfully conducted the campaign against Holland in 1787, and reinstated William II. as Hereditary Stadtholder. After commanding the allied forces in 1792 against the French revolutionary army, he let himself be persuaded, despite his advanced age, to take supreme command of the Prussian troops in 1806. At the battle of Auerstedt he was shot through both eyes. He died, Nov. 10, 1806, on Danish soil at Ottensen, near Altona, deeply mourned by his people, to whom he had been a benevolent and thrifty ruler.

### II

The Duchess Marie Elisabeth Wilhelmine was, as is explained in the note to Letter II., the daughter of the Hereditary Prince Karl Ludwig of Baden, *b.* Sept. 7, 1772, at Karlsruhe, and married the fourth son of Duke Karl

Wilhelm Ferdinand of Brunswick, on Nov. 1, 1802. She fled with her sons, the two-year-old Prince Karl and Prince Wilhelm of six months, to Stralsund, there to await events on Swedish ground, where the way was open to reach her sister Frederike, consort of King Gustavus IV. of Sweden. Her husband, Duke Friedrich Wilhelm, who had joined Blücher's corps, was taken prisoner on Nov. 7. Blücher capitulated at Katkau near Lübeck, after stubborn fighting in the town, because he "had no more bread nor ammunition." On Nov. 10 death released her father-in-law, the brave old Duke, from his grievous sufferings in body and soul. He had still to experience Napoleon's refusal of his request to recognise the neutrality of his country. The blunt refusal ran: "The House of Brunswick has ceased to rule." The Hereditary Prince Karl of Baden, brother of the Duchess Marie, endeavoured to make intercession with Napoleon; his answer was, "*Je ne connais point de Prince de Brunsvic, je ne reconnais en lui que le général Prussien, je veux exterminer cette famille.*"

In these circumstances nothing remained for the Duchess Marie but to follow the summons of her sister to Malmö. There she stayed till May 1807; then met her husband in Holstein, and afterwards travelled with him and the little Princes to Bruchsal, where she found a reception in the stately castle, the property of

the Margravine.—The hardly tried Princess was not to experience better times; she died at Bruchsal on April 20, 1808.<sup>1</sup>

2. The little Prince Karl, *b.* October 30, 1804, became a ward after the death of his father, at Quatrebras, 1815; succeeded to the government 1823, and then soon quarrelled with the Estates, because he would not recognise the Constitution. On Sept. 7, 1830, he was expelled by a popular insurrection. He fled to Paris, but at the outbreak of war in 1870, migrated to Geneva, where he died in 1873, leaving his property to the city of Geneva.

Prince Wilhelm, *b.* April 25, 1806, succeeded his brother in the government. He died Oct. 18, 1884, at Sibyllenort, in Schleswig, as the last Duke of Brunswick.

3. For the Duchess-Mother, see Letter No. II.

4. The two blind princes—George, *b.* June 27, 1769, *d.* Sept. 16, 1811; and Augustus, *b.* Aug. 18, 1770, *d.* Dec. 18, 1820. Weakly endowed in mind and body, they renounced their claim to the succession in favour of their youngest brother, Friedrich Wilhelm.

5. The Abbess of Gandersheim, *b.* October 2, 1749; *d.* March 10, 1810. Sister of Duke Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand.

6. For the widowed Hereditary Princess, see Letter No. II.

<sup>1</sup> "Marie, Herzogin zu Braunschweig," Dr. Paul Zimmermann; Wolfenbüttel, 1903.

7. The Princess of Orange, Wilhelmine, daughter of Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia, wife of William V., Hereditary Stadtholder of the Netherlands, who died April 9, 1806.

### III

At this point, where the name of Albert von Wedell first appears, we must shortly explain the relationship which connected the families of Wedell and Griesheim. Albert's mother, Louise Charlotte Ernestine von Griesheim, *b.* 1761, at Netschkau, was the sister of General von Griesheim, then Master of the Household at Cöthen. At the early age of seventeen she married Major Ludwig von Bülow of Helmsdorf and Kriegsdorf, a man much older than herself, who died after a brief union, leaving a moiety of his estate at Kriegsdorf to his widow. The other moiety and his estate of Helmsdorf were inherited by his daughter Louise. Among the many suitors for her hand, the beautiful and rich widow chose the equally well-to-do and respected Herr Hans Wilhelm von Wedell of Braunsforth and Beveringen, in Pomerania, *b.* 1757. His ancestors are first named in 1212 as owners of the place called Wedell, in the county of Stomarn, near Hamburg. One Hasso von Wedell migrated thence with his six sons to Pomerania and the New Mark, where he obtained large possessions, by a charter of

1269. In the fourteenth century almost all the New Mark belonged to the Wedell family. In the pages of Prussian history the name of Wedell is always honourably distinguished, for there it is a distinction to serve king and country with treasure and blood.

After their marriage, the Wedells lived on their Pomeranian estates until the evil days of war compelled them to burden their lands with debts, and finally to sell them with the right of repurchase. Then they moved to Kriegsdorf, where Albert von Wedell was born on Jan. 16, 1791. He first entered the Louis Ferdinand regiment of foot (No. 20), and then into the service of the Duke of Anhalt Cöthen. His father died at Cöthen in 1807, at the house of General von Griesheim; the family went into mourning for him. See Letter No. XIV. for a fuller account of this.

We must next mention Albert's brothers and sisters. His step-sister, Louise von Bülow, married to Landrat von Kerstenbrück, lived at Helmsdorf.

Karl, *b.* 1786, at Braunsforth; *d.* Sept. 16, 1809.

Minette, lady-in-waiting at Cöthen; *m.* 1809, Hans von Werder, of Petkau.

Caroline, afterwards *m.* Colonel von Hacke.

Agnes, afterwards *m.* Chief Ranger von Hagen.

Eduard took part in the Russian campaign.

He afterwards repurchased the estate of Braunschweig. He was the grandfather of the present owner, Herr Busso von Wedell.

## IV

The following account, by one of the prisoners, is reproduced from a former widely-read journal, *Die Lesefrüchte* :—

“We had been nine days already on the march, but had nowhere met with so much sympathy as in Brunswick. I cannot describe how greatly the inhabitants helped us; they gave us not only linen and clothing, but fortified us daily with food and drink, and sent us large gifts of money. More kindness, compassion, and charity are supposed to dwell in women’s hearts than in men’s, and here I found this assertion confirmed. Although we received many visits from the latter, the concourse of women was far greater, and they expressed their compassion for us with eyes full of tears.”

V (*Cp.* No. II).

1. The Duke of Oehls was the name taken by Duke Friedrich Wilhelm (*b.* Nov. 9, 1771) after losing the Dukedom of Brunswick. After his wife’s death he entrusted his little sons to the protection of their grandmother, the Mar-

gravine of Baden,<sup>1</sup> joined Austria in 1809, and raised a free corps at Nachod, in Bohemia.

With this Black Legion, so called from the colour of its uniform, the Duke undertook his bold march from Bohemia. He beat the troops that opposed his passage at Wildsruf, Nossen, Halberstadt, and Oelper (outside Brunswick), took ship at Elsfleth on Brake, and was received with warm sympathy in England. The famous picture of the pre-Raphaelite, J. E. Millais, "The Black Brunswicker," shows how popular the Duke's black regiment still was in England during the sixties. The corps was incorporated in the Anglo-German Legion, which fought in Spain. In 1813 the Duke took possession of Brunswick again, to die a hero's death at the battle of Quatrebras, on July 16, 1815.

## VI

### *Letters from KARL AND ALBERT VON WEDELL to HERR VON WERDER-BRETTIN.*

STRALSUND, 7 June 1809.

WE take the opportunity of letting you know that you need not have the least cause to be anxious about us. We are alive and well.

<sup>1</sup> "During our stay at Bruchsal in the winter of 1808, there entered, while the evening reading was proceeding, unexpectedly the Duke of B., one who only dared show himself secretly to his friends, like an outcast.

"The French Ambassador (at Karlsruhe) constantly kept him under surveillance by the help of his spies. The Duke had only



As soon as I have an opportunity, and can expect an answer from you, I will write everything that interests you.

Farewell, and be free from all anxiety.

CARL AND ALBERT WEDELL.

To prove that I am alive and well, I append these few lines, with the wish and in the hope that we shall soon speak face to face. I sign myself  
ALBERT.

Lieut. von Flemming, who was taken prisoner along with us, begs that, if occasion offers, his sister, Frau von Byren at Zabakuck, may be told of this.

CASSEL, 5 July 1809.

I do not know whether you have received my letter in which I wrote that Albert and I were taken prisoners at Stralsund. We were taken from there to Brunswick, where we stayed twelve days, and every day were visited by Ködern and Münchhausen. From there we were brought here, where we have just been informed that we leave to-morrow for Mainz. As it is expected that we are to stay there, be so kind as to ask Seckendorf in my name to have some money sent after

come to ask his sons back from the Margravine, for he was already meditating his glorious but ineffectual expedition from Bohemia. His children travelled by way of Colberg to England, accompanied by Fräulein Micheli and Captain von Fleischer-Nordenfels."—(*Erinnerungen aus dem Leben von Karoline von Freystedt*, by K. Obser ; Heidelberg, 1902.)

us there as soon as possible. I enclose a receipt for my half-yearly allowance. Be so good as to see about this as soon as possible. Write to me very soon, and address your letter to Mainz ; even if we are not there any longer, I shall get the letter. Good-bye, and remember your faithful

CARL AND ALBERT VON WEDELL.

DEAR KIND WERDER,—When you receive these lines, we shall be no more, our death sentence has just been read to us. You know as well as we do that never was any one more innocent put to death. Farewell.

CARL AND ALBERT VON WEDELL.

I sign my name sadly. Cursed is our fate, but take comfort.

WESEL, 16th September 1809.

Console our relations ; we shall see our parents again, and die calmly. Among my papers you will find a list of my debts ; these must be paid, and so too Albert's in Cöthen. Our love to all.

CARL.

I send you with this Ph.'s hair and ring ; do with them what you think right ; both of us are also sending locks of our hair.

ALBERT.

For a full understanding of these farewell letters, it must be remembered how little time was left before the execution, as well as the fact that they had to transmit their requests in an open letter.

## VII

*From the "General Anzeiger für Wesel," of  
17 Sept. 1889.*

## A MEMORIAL ISSUE

On the 80th Anniversary of the Shooting of Schill's eleven officers before the Gate of Wesel, on 16 Sept. 1809.

It was a wild, stormy September night of the year 1809 when I reached Wesel, my native town, on my way home from Düsseldorf. I demanded admittance at the gate in vain; instead of the grumbling old soldier, with the weather-beaten but good-humoured face, who usually let me in (after a short parley) on forfeit of a little *pourboire*, this time sombre-bearded men strode out, who cursed the bad weather in the French tongue. To my assurance that I was a native of Wesel and was expected in my father's house, they returned curt answers and threats, and so at last nothing remained for me but to seek shelter outside the town in order to escape the pouring rain. After much trouble I succeeded in finding harbourage in a wine-shop only frequented

by poor drivers and sand-carriers, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the town in the direction of the Porte de Secours. Anger and grief over the dishonoured misery of my country kept me awake. Moreover, curiosity roused me. Far and wide everything trembled before Napoleon's power; there was no enemy in the neighbourhood, and yet the town was shut as if an attack were imminent. What could induce the oppressor to adopt measures, so remarkable in the midst of peace, signifying insecurity and fear?

For long hours I sat thus sunk in thought by a little window in the pot-house, and did not notice that the fury of the storm was spent and the rain no longer pattered on the window. Suddenly a dull gleam met my eyes. From the open Porte de Secours pressed a small band of men, in a ghostly illumination from the gleam of flickering lights. I knew from the regular tramp of their feet that the approaching party were soldiers. Full of curiosity as to what could be the meaning of this secret expedition at such an early hour, I left the tavern and went to meet the party, who were marching fairly fast. I was soon able to make them all out. An invalided Sergeant-Major was in command of six men, who, however, were provided not with warlike weapons, but with peaceful spades and shovels. To my curious questioning the old leader vouchsafed no answer; they pursued their way in silence. I

followed discreetly at some distance. Soon they turned aside from the high-road. Owing to the continued rain the waters of the Rhine and the Lippe were so swollen that, leaving their accustomed banks, they had overflowed the level meadows and left clear only one higher lying patch and a narrow strip of land leading to it. Thither the little company marched. Arrived at the hillock, the leader ordered a halt in a muffled voice, as though he feared to betray his secret. The soldiers grasped their picks and shovels in silence, and dug in the wet earth. The riddle of the barred gate, that had filled me with boding terror a few hours before, was solved ; the answer which the old sergeant refused was given me by the soldiers' task. They were digging three graves— graves assuredly for victims of the Napoleonic despotism. A gloomy horrified shudder ran through me. Unwittingly my path was to be crossed by the eleven heroic officers of Schill's Corps, who, taken prisoners at Stralsund after a desperate struggle, were awaiting sentence at Wesel. I still doubted, I still dared not believe the presumption of the foreign tyrant would go so far as to murder in cold blood the brave young Germans who had been defeated in honourable fight, while bearing arms on German soil for the liberation of their country. Even this doubt was soon to be dispelled.

Dawn began to show grey, so that it was quite possible to see from a distance the gloomy

work on the hillock. Country folk from the neighbourhood, townsfolk who had been belated, and like me had been compelled to spend the night outside the gates, came up and increased the mournful group. Their pitiful exclamations, their curses hissed low between their teeth, brought me certainty.

The work was finished, daylight came on. The little company left the place and marched, silently as they had come, through the now opened gate into the town. How long I had been rejoicing to see my native walls again. With what delight I had pictured the surprise of the good folks at home! And now I was entering my native town in dismal, ill-starred company, with tears in my eyes, not tears of joy, but of grief and sorrow! My first question, as I disengaged myself from the tender embraces of my own people, was about the fate of the fallen officers. How much of sorrow I was to learn!

Schill's end is known. He had simply deluded himself. Not yet had hate ripened to rage, to action; not yet was that flame of enthusiasm lighted, which four years later made all the youth of Germany rush to arms. After a brief course, marked by many deeds of heroism, he fell—and with him hundreds of his comrades—in their desperate struggle in the streets of Stralsund, on the Baltic Sea. It is well with them! They had not to endure the pangs of accursed imprisonment, nor the scorn of a French court-martial. It was otherwise, and

harder, for those who fell into the enemy's hands on Schill's march, or at the fall of Stralsund. The enemy's general, Gratien, had the prisoners—11 officers, 557 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 12 women—shut up in a church, promising that no harm should be done them. On June 10, Gratien departed, and all the prisoners were then brought to Brunswick. Here the sympathy of the inhabitants was displayed to their brave countrymen in generous measure; some of the hapless men were helped to escape, till the governor threatened to give over the town to plunder if there were any more attempts to set them free. At the beginning of July the women and the maimed were released by Napoleon's orders, and more than 500 men were deported to Brest without a hearing or judgment, there to perform slave labour riveted to the galley chain. More than fourteen non-commissioned officers and men were kept to be court-martialled at Brunswick. By Napoleon's express command, Germans had to sit in judgment on these brave Germans, mostly Prussians from about Magdeburg and Halle, and condemn them to death "because, being Westphalian subjects, they had borne arms against their country" (!) Napoleon's order spread the execution over three days, the 18th, 20th, and 22d July, in order that the bloodthirsty affair might make the greater impression upon the people, who gnashed their teeth as they bowed beneath the French

yoke. On a waste sandy place, before the eastern gate of the town, they fell under the cruel bullets of the French executioners.

The eleven officers captured at Stralsund, however, were first taken from Brunswick to Cassel, from there deported to Frankfort, and then kept for a short time in various fortresses along the Moselle and Somme; thence they were, it is said, brought to Wesel, in order, as it was hinted to them, to be handed over to the Prussian authorities. The French soldiers, who accompanied them on their mournful journey from fortress to fortress, touched by their noble and courageous bearing, and probably ashamed of being compelled to play the executioner to champions of liberty, watched the prisoners but lightly, and offered them many opportunities for flight. The unhappy men scorned this, for they never believed the enemy would be so dishonourable as to treat men who had fought for their country as criminals.

At Montmédy they shared their captivity for a time with two other officers of Schill's Corps, who had fallen into the enemy's hands before the catastrophe at Stralsund, at the engagement near Dodendorf. One of these found out from a boy that the eleven officers were not to be handed over to their country's authorities, but were to be condemned and shot by a French court-martial; he informed them of this, and entreated them to use any opportunity of escape. In vain; their eyes were shut, and they dis-



regarded his warning : they considered the fate that threatened them incredible ; indeed, one of them, Leopold Jahn, husband of a Countess of the Empire, Pappenheim, made his comrades give him their word of honour not to make their escape, in the confident belief that his relatives in high places, who possessed great influence at the Bavarian Court, would agitate on his and his comrades' behalf, and they could therefore leave their prison in a lawful manner. Shortly before they re-entered German territory, they were put in a wretched tumble-down prison at Guelders ; the gaoler, won over by the patriotically-minded inhabitants, purposely dropped the gaol keys in their prison ; but when he returned in the morning, later than usual, he was at once astonished and shocked to receive the lost keys from the hands of his prisoners. "No more keys will be lost in the citadel of Wesel," he remarked, and received the manly answer, "The firmest lock is our pledged word."

It was the middle of August when the prisoners came to Wesel, where they were immediately placed in close confinement. The Governor of Wesel, General Dallemayne, immediately assembled the military special commission which was to conduct the inquiry and pronounce judgment. He had great difficulty in finding a president for the bloody tribunal. First he appointed the Commander of the Portuguese who were in Wesel, then the chief of

battalion Jarin ; but both sent word that they were ill. The special commission assembled for the first time in the beginning of September in the hall of the citadel. This time the prisoners were simply asked their name, birth-place, and length of service. On this occasion, a Herr von Brinken, who acted as interpreter, saw Napoleon's decree for the condemnation of the eleven officers, which the clerk of the commission had perhaps purposely left lying in the commission room ; it ran : "The eleven officers of Schill's Corps, who were captured with arms in their hands, shall be brought before a court-martial at Wesel, and treated and condemned as robbers." So then their death was already resolved upon before the empty farce of legal form, in which power sought to veil itself, was played to the close. Captain-reporter Carin, of the 21st Regiment, conducted the further inquiry. Moved by the courage and youth of the prisoners, he only asked them such questions at the first hearing as touched their military position, and made a favourable report upon them, on which no capital sentence could be pronounced. The president of the court, however, true to his orders that the prisoners must be found guilty, rejected this report, and ordered the Captain-reporter to begin the inquiry afresh, and to ask the officers the question "where Schill obtained the money to pay his troops during the campaign." The officers could not deny that at Schill's orders they had

carried off public treasuries on their march through foreign territory in the kingdom of Westphalia and in Mecklenburg. This was enough to condemn them, so with this admission the preliminary inquiry was closed.

As soon as the prisoners learnt that they were being charged with robbery, they sought a legal defender. Herr Noel Perwez, of Lüttich, who was often in Wesel as officer for the defence, most nobly undertook this dangerous office; but before he could exercise it, there came from Paris an order from the Minister of Police that he was to leave Wesel and be placed under police surveillance at Lüttich. After much trouble he was allowed to stay in Wesel until the court-martial had pronounced judgment.

On September 16, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the court-martial met in the citadel, and eleven prisoners were brought before them unfettered, under an escort of Grenadiers. They were :

Leopold Jahn, 31 years of age, of Massow in Prussian Pomerania, formerly Lieutenant in a Hussar battalion; he had left his wife, with a child at the breast, in order to fight and die for his country.

Ferdinand Schmidt, of Berlin, 29 years of age, volunteer officer in Schill's Corps.

Ferdinand Galle, of Berlin, 29 years of age, Lieutenant.

Friedrich von Trachenberg, 25 years of age, of Rathenau, in the Mark of Brandenburg.

Konstantin von Gabain, 25 years of age, of Guelders, Junker.

Karl von Wedell, of Braunsfort, in Pomerania, 23 years of age, Lieutenant.

Friedrich Felgentreu, of Berlin, 22 years of age, appointed officer of his Free Corps of Artillery by Schill.

Albert Von Wedell, of Braunsfort, in Pomerania, 19 years of age, formerly Lieutenant in the Duke of Cöthen's troops.

Hans von Flemming, 19 years of age, of Rheinsberg, in the Mark of Brandenburg, was not on service when he joined Schill's Corps in Stralsund.

Karl von Keffenbrink, of Krien in Pomerania, 18 years of age.

On the same day, it became known that these eleven youths, chosen to die as martyrs for the truth and righteousness of their country's cause, had borne themselves before the court-martial worthily of this high honour. No excuse, no prayer, no complaint passed their lips; instead of defending themselves, they had pointed to their enslaved country, whose shame it had been their duty to avenge.

"We are guilty of having fought for the liberty and rights of our true country, and ready to die for it," they cried with one voice at the end of their hearing. One of them,

swept away by a wave of noble feeling, offered himself as a sacrifice for his friends, but the rest refused to accept the sacrifice, for they were all ambitious of this honour. Their advocate, Perwez, also spoke with great fire,<sup>1</sup> and showed with logical clearness that Schill had not acted without the previous knowledge of the Prussian Government, and it was only later that he had been left to his fate and disavowed by them; but if Schill acted under superior authority, neither was he a freebooter nor were his comrades liable to punishment; still, even if he had acted without superior authority, the accused were not liable to punishment, because, not knowing this, they were bound by military obedience to follow Schill. The defending counsel skilfully applied several of the articles of the law to the advantage of his clients, and expressed himself so freely that the president repeatedly bade him be silent.

Soon after ten the prisoners were again seen as they left the court, their heads high, their eyes flashing. Without a word of remonstrance they offered their hands to the manacles, and suffered themselves to be led back to prison. The court-martial remained sitting a short time longer; but soon the members of it in their turn left the place where they had besmirched their honour with such an unrighteous judgment. Almost at the same instant the sentence

<sup>1</sup> His speech for the defence is printed on pp. 218-236.

was proclaimed in German and French at every street corner. The eleven young men were condemned to be shot, in accordance with Article 1 of the law of the 29th Nivose of the year VI., which runs: "Robbery with open violence or forcibly effected on the public roads or streets, robbery from a dwelling-house by breaking in from without or entry with ladders, shall be punished with death."

The sentence was to be carried out within twenty-four hours.

About half-past eleven I came to the watchmen, and heard how the death sentence had been communicated to the eleven officers. At first they seemed thunderstruck—hitherto the love of life had suggested the hope of a more lenient sentence; but they soon pulled themselves together, and showed themselves men of heroic spirit to the last moment of their lives. The only grace accorded them was permission to write to their relatives, but they were forced to hurry, for they were only granted a short time longer to live.

The roll of drums beat loud through the streets of the most sorrowful town. About one o'clock in the afternoon, a detachment rode out of the citadel with carbines ready; then followed a company of grenadiers, and close to them the artillerymen who were to carry out the execution. All observed a deep and mournful silence. Tears ran down the cheeks of many a bearded soldier, tears of

indignation at the degrading service imposed upon them. For even the foreign soldiers, who had seen much suffering before and had aided in much iniquity, felt the harshness of this injustice and the insidious petty vengeance here carried into effect. The eleven victims, bound together by twos and threes with thin cord, walked in the midst of the artillerymen with head uplifted, and a look of radiant joy as if they could already discern far off the day when their death should be avenged and their country freed. When, in the citadel courtyard, the soldiers attempted to bind the two Wedell brothers, who had shown touching tenderness in their endeavour to keep cheerful these last painful days of their young life, the one said, "Oh, are we not bound fast enough already by the bonds of blood, that we must be further bound together in such a degrading way?" But they too were forced to take their way to the grave in bonds.

A company of Voltigeurs closed the mournful procession, which moved slowly from the main gate of the citadel across the esplanade to the Berlin Gate. No inhabitant of the town dared follow it beyond the gate, but many had gone out already before the closing of the gates. While still far off they caught the death-note in the roll of the drums: sorrowfully expectant and in tribulation of spirit that so many high-souled sons of their country were to be laid low at one stroke by French bullets.

Among these sorrowing citizens happened to be Herr J., a friend of Gabain's, whom he was awaiting on his native ground full of pain and grief at meeting again under such circumstances! The leader of the procession noticed him as he waited there, and asked him if the road led to the place of execution; he replied that the meadows and the road along the Lippe were flooded, so that the procession must take the road on the left to the Fürstenberg, and this was done. Soon the eleven prisoners came past him at the station. They carried themselves nobly, uplifted above their undeserved fate, and filled with the inward conviction that their country should be free some day and their blood should not have been spilt in vain; marching in the midst of the artillerymen without fear of death, and compelling respect and compassion even from their enemies. They had refused the offer of being driven to the place of execution, saying they had enough strength for that last march of all. Nevertheless the French made some peasants' carts which they picked up on the road join in behind the column.

At this moment Herr J. hurried up to his old schoolfellow Gabain, without hindrance from the French, and talked to him as he went along of their bygone days of happy boyhood, and the present, big with death. Flemming or Felgentreu, who was passing them in the procession, asked Gabain who his



companion was. On hearing he was a citizen of Wesel and former schoolfellow, he said to Herr J., "Come with us and see how Prussian officers die." So Herr J. went with the company until it reached the place of execution, where the troops were drawn up in a semicircle around three large graves, and many spectators had collected. The prisoners stood in a line side by side, without losing in those last minutes of their life the least part of the dignity with which they had borne themselves so far. The very youngest among them showed a contempt for death such as is rare among veterans who have grown grey in war.

Deep silence prevailed round the waiting circle; all stood in tense expectancy: a few minutes more, eleven young men in the prime of youth and strength would lie mangled on the cold earth which showed them, while they yet lived, three dark graves awaiting them for resting-place. The sixty-six artillerymen told off for the execution took up their position facing the eleven. Six shots were destined for each. One section stood in reserve. The drums fell silent. When the adjutant began to read the sentence once more to the condemned on the spot, they refused to listen to this useless justification of high-handed violence. They begged, however, to be allowed to receive the fatal shot with unbandaged eyes, and even to give the signal for it. This last request was granted them.

Once more they embraced one another with their free arms, and especially the two brothers Wedell, an afflicting sight for the onlookers. Once more they looked sadly towards the east, towards the beloved land of home, and sent a last greeting to their dear ones. Then they bared neck and breast, and cried to the artillerymen opposite not to miss the German heart. "N'ayez pas peur, les canoniers français tirent bien !" answered one of the firing party. Thereupon the young heroes, in whose swelling breast the love of king and country blazed up for the last time, shouted all together, "Long live our King ! Hurrah for Prussia !" At the same moment Ernst von Flemming, who stood at the end of the left wing, waved his cap in the air as the fatal signal. Instantly the sixty-six muskets rang out, and the thick smoke hung over the fallen bodies like a grey shroud. Ten lay dead on the cold turf ; but one, Albert von Wedell, was still standing. He only had his arm shattered ; he called to the commando in a steady voice to aim better at a Prussian heart. On this a new section stepped forward quickly, and their bullets laid him low with the rest. So they received their last earthly wounds in their manly breasts; no pang oppressed them between death and immortality.

Their last thought was for their country.

So the seal was set upon the fate of the eleven "Prussian officers" — as they were

called in all subsequent documents and publications.

There is a whole series of notable witnesses to prove how highly contemporaries thought of Ferdinand von Schill and his followers; but interesting above all should be Blücher's estimate, contained in a letter written by him in the summer of 1809:

"Schill died a brave man's death; his comrades have showed equal courage, and placed themselves under my protection unconditionally. I have accepted them in spite of all that was against it: 900 infantry and 240 cavalry are in my keeping. I have written to the king for their pardon: they are innocent, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men alike, for Schill told them it was with the king's consent that he crossed the Elbe; as subordinates they followed the orders of their chief in accordance with the rules of our service, although they afterwards discovered it was not the king's will, but Schill declared on parade that he would shoot without respect of persons any who acted contrary to his orders."

As to the rehabilitation of Schill and his acts, King Frederick William IV. took a lively interest in it, sent for all documents from Wesel, and personally collected them for the Brunswick museum. The later king, William I., when Prince of Prussia, honoured Schill's memory, and during the fifties visited the casemates of Wesel in which the prisoners spent

their last hours. The Emperor William II. crowned the military honour of Schill's Corps by giving the name of Von Schill to the 1st Silesian Regiment of Hussars, No. 4, on his birthday in the year 1889.

The martyrs' grave long lay unadorned and neglected, and only the return of spring decked it each year with a few flowers. In the bright dawn of freedom men remembered the dead who in the darkness of night had heralded the coming day of joy and freedom: the inhabitants of Wesel now planted the graves with poplars and acacias, and set a fence round them. Then, not indeed till after some six-and-twenty years, a subscription was made in the German army, and a monument erected on their grave to the eleven martyrs who laid down their lives for German freedom.

The appeal sent out to the Prussian army in 1833 by Major von Webern, Commander of the Fusilier Battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot, and Captain Pahlke, late of the Artillery, chief accountant to the Customs, met with universal response, and large contributions poured in from every side.

The bones were exhumed on June 9, 1834, and laid in a leaden coffin. The solemn reburial followed in the early part of September. Major von Webern first delivered a few solemn words: then the remains of the eleven who had fallen so heroically were lowered into the bricked vault. On March 31, 1835, the monu-

ment was unveiled with appropriate solemnities. The monument itself was cast in Berlin, after a model by Schinkel. On the lower panel of the front are inscribed the names of the eleven heroes who fell here. On the chief panel, on the right side, Prussia stands weeping beside an altar and gazes in affliction at the executioner's axe under which her sons fell. Towards her bent form speeds Victory, a laurel crown in her right hand, in her left a branch of palm. On the back appears in the chief panel the Prussian eagle: below, surrounded by eleven stars, are to be read the words: "They died like Prussians and heroes, 16 September 1809."

### VIII

#### THE SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE ELEVEN PRUSSIAN OFFICERS OF SCHILL'S CORPS, DELIVERED BY J. N. PERWEZ.<sup>1</sup>

However ticklish the attempt which I venture to undertake must ever be, however powerful on the other hand the unfavourable prejudice will be which has been spread abroad with reference to the cause of the accused here present, I believed, without being mistaken in the means at my disposal, that I could promise myself to prove the crime which is laid to their charge groundless. I say further, without

<sup>1</sup> J. N. Perwez, barrister-at-law, of Lüttich, by this speech for the defence drew upon himself the ill-will of Napoleon, who placed him under police supervision. He died as Inspector of Taxes at Huy in 1838. The defective transcript is contemporary.

flattering myself, I venture to hope I shall succeed in obtaining a verdict of not guilty; for as I have not so much to combat a prejudice as to speak to a fact, it will suffice me to characterise this by an exposition of all political circumstances which bear upon it, in order to be able to give a correct representation of the position of the accused: however individuals may regard this fact, I venture to hope, I say, that they will be acquitted of the charge of vagabondage which has been brought against them—at least, that they will not be regarded as victims demanded by political expediency.

But if we dismiss this thought, it would be too horrible for the accused, and too unjust for the appointed judges, to decide their fate.—Popular opinion, which is always only too ready to assent to an unfavourable opinion, has undoubtedly been wrong in desiring to prejudge the fate of the accused; so then, gentlemen, confident in your sense of justice, I venture to hope that the voice of truth alone will make an impression on your conscience, and that, as it is free from every influence, no prejudice, be it of a private individual or of a political personage in high place, can prevail in the inquiry which you are about to undertake into the case before you.

Everything in the present case depends upon the person of Schill, under whose command the accused were. Now since it is through Schill simply that the whole question has arisen

touching the accused who have come into judgment, it is necessary to examine the conduct of this officer, and, indeed, transfer the inquiry into the matter to his person, before particularly examining the circumstances depending upon it; it is therefore necessary to decide this question,—

“Was Schill a robber?” This is a question more doubtful to raise in the present case than difficult to decide; nevertheless I feel bound to spend some consideration over this question which may be of advantage to the accused, for their whole transgression lies in having served under this superior officer, who has been designated as a highwayman.

What was Schill before the extraordinary events which took place under the walls of Ratisbon? Schill was at that time a valued Prussian officer, esteemed by the King of Prussia, since he entrusted him with the command of a fairly numerous corps. His corps was composed of three battalions of the Household Regiment, as it is called, three battalions of the “Colberg” Regiment, one Grenadier battalion, a Hussar regiment named after himself, and two squadrons of mounted Jägers, as may be seen in the order of May 3rd on the banks of the Elbe. There it was said, in speaking of the troops being collected on the frontier of Bohemia and Silesia in order to be within reach of neutral territory, that Schill exercised his Hussars and Jägers daily

in Berlin; so it may be inferred that Schill was possessed of the secrets of the preparations for war, already beginning to get clearly known, and that he was preparing to play the part assigned to him. To judge correctly of the actual situation which led to Major Schill's being called a freebooter, it is necessary to recall the events which had taken place at the beginning of the particular war—those which refer to Schill in person.

When is this officer regarded as the head of a band of freebooters? Nearly a month after the events of Ratisbon; events which at once proclaimed the despair of our enemies, and which aroused suspicion in the Prussian Cabinet with regard to the undertaking entrusted to Major Schill; assuredly, since this Court found itself compelled to give account of Schill's conduct, it could do nothing but publicly disavow him; and this was effected through the agency of the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs and General Lestock, governor of Berlin. They informed M. de Saint Marsan, the French Minister, that this officer would be severely punished if he ventured to reappear on Prussian soil. But this disavowal was badly received, and it was long doubtful what the outcome would be; but what this disavowal establishes firmly on the stage of political events, is the impossibility of connecting it with the event.

If Schill had acted without orders from the



Prussian Court while he pushed on to Halle, would he have opposed the Prussian eagle to the arms of the King of Westphalia? Why did not the Prussian Cabinet instantly notify his departure from Berlin, and prosecute these men? Why did not the Berlin newspapers speak of him till the moment when the disavowal was published, nearly a month after his departure (11th June)? One feels how all these circumstances are connected with the results achieved by the army. On May 12, the Emperor made his entry into Vienna, and on May 8 the Prussian King informed his army that Major Schill and his companions would be brought before a military commission invested with the fullest powers.

Looking over the conjunction of these events I have something of no less importance to add. Mark, gentlemen, a most extraordinary fact; Schill was disavowed with all his following; his case was examined in Berlin, a commission was appointed to punish all who took part in his heinous adventure. Why, pray, did this commission remain without practical result? Nevertheless, it possessed the power to act, for it had to summon before its authority the very people on whom you have to pass judgment to-day; but not only does this commission seem not to have summoned them, but we do not see what was done with the officers of Schill's brigade who were arrested by order of the military governor.

I could largely expand this chapter of remarks upon the opinion which must be formed upon these political occurrences. Still I have said enough on the point to establish that it was against all probability that Major Schill could have acted without full authorisation; that the epithet of freebooter bestowed upon him is only the offspring of political necessities, and that, to speak accurately of it, Schill should never be regarded as anything but a tool in a policy which before now has more than once almost imperilled the French. I can the more confidently venture this assertion as the opinion on the subject has indeed been universally put forward by all parties.

But why do I hesitate to maintain the opinion which makes me represent Schill as disavowed by the Court of Berlin? That does not in the least detract from his character as a fully-accredited agent. Only, he was not openly recognised. On reaching Dessau, he had a proclamation and appeal to the inhabitants printed and placarded, to the inhabitants of those parts, in order to range them under his banner, and arm them with spades and pick-axes. In the hope of securing a supply of English arms, he came, as has been said, to Halle: he tore down the blazon of Westphalia to put up the Prussian eagle in its stead. Is this, gentlemen, the conduct of a freebooter? If Schill had had personal interests and grounds of complaint against the King of

Prussia, would he have desired his eagle to triumph? If Schill had not felt himself supported by the irreconcilable foe of Europe (England), would he have reckoned on the King's help, and would he have ventured to give himself out as vested with full authority?

Ah, gentlemen, I share with you the indignation aroused in you by the recollection of all these misdeeds which the usual policy of France, the enemy, has provoked on every side. But in order to condemn perforce so many political crimes, will it be necessary to see in Schill a freebooter, apart from every interest, and acting under no influence? I cannot bring myself to any such conclusion; and, in fact, I am strengthened in my opinion because the reports of our great army had actually recognised that Schill had not acted without influence. In the sixth report the following remarkable expression is to be found: "The aforesaid Schill, a kind of freebooter, whose crimes were notorious in the last Prussian campaign, and who had attained the rank of major, has deserted with his whole regiment from Berlin, and proceeded to Wittenberg."

But if it is said that this "kind of freebooter" received the rank of major for crimes committed in the Prussian campaign, does not this mean the assumption of two irreconcilable matters which mutually cancel one another? For, if he was promoted to a higher rank in consequence of his conduct in the last cam-

paign, then he is of necessity no freebooter, and consequently has not committed these crimes ; or rather, this charge has not touched Schill, but the person who showed favour to him.

It must appear, then, that according to this section of the report Schill is not to be regarded as a freebooter, who has deserted from Berlin with his regiment, because up to that time he had not been disavowed ; but even if he is so designated for his conduct in the last Prussian campaign, it would imply that Schill was already regarded as a freebooter while still in the service of Prussia, and that it was not easy for him to escape the condemnation which appears to have been determined in advance. I think I have sufficiently justified the opinion which I have set forth above, that Schill was not a freebooter, but a man entrusted with a mission which perforce could only be recognised if circumstances allowed. Everything points to this version, and I leave it to the conscience of the judges who honour me to examine well the feelings which they will have as they form their opinion upon the veritable character of this very famous person.

I now attack the question which touches the accused directly, and which is easier to decide than the one I have just discussed. What is their offence ? That they served under Schill's command. Presuming, however, that Schill is culpable, would those, on the other hand, be

guilty who were bound to follow him and who did follow him, simply on the ground of being his subordinates? Certainly, if Schill had gathered together a troop in the midst of a country, or had formed it of any and every kind of disreputable person, a band which was invested with a different character, and went along the highroad to rob and despoil travellers, then it would be permissible to say that his followers had a criminal purpose, because they attached themselves to a man in whom they did not recognise an honourable character and whose purpose could only be reprehensible. But this presumption in regard to the accused is absurd.

Schill left Berlin with the same troops which he had always commanded. The officers under his orders could not know what was the political aim of their commander. In these circumstances they did what any well-disciplined troops would reasonably do, namely, obeyed the orders of their superior. Is not obedience a soldier's first virtue? And what troops are there that have stricter notions on this point than the Prussians? But the solicitude with which the officers were already prepared to follow Major Schill appears all the keener, if he is simply regarded as Major of a regiment over which he could make his influence felt. Schill not only had his own regiment with him, but also eight battalions of other troops, all united under the name of "Schill's Corps."

The power of this officer over this corps was unlimited, like that of a Field-marshal. He only received orders direct from the Court, and communicated them direct to his troops. An officer invested with such extraordinary power must of necessity have a proportionately greater hold upon men's minds, and it is impossible to imagine an instance of a single officer of his corps venturing to refuse obedience. It is, and I think it correct, my opinion, or rather the universal view inseparable from the case, that a subordinate can never share the guilt for the actions of his chief; I support this view, I say, on an example drawn from circumstances still fresh in memory. When the Marquis of Romano had given an example of the blackest disloyalty and most shameful treachery, was judgment delivered upon the officers who followed the orders of this general? No, gentlemen, and it was impossible to do so logically. Other examples might be adduced to strengthen this, but it would be superfluous. It is enough to say that a subordinate who follows the orders of his commander neither can nor ought to be responsible for the result of his obedience; he is a man without volition, and on that account nothing can be done to him. Obedience is his first and only duty. And if exceptions are to be admitted to this strict rule, there would soon be an end of discipline, for where there is no more obedience there is no more discipline; there would be

disorder and anarchy. It is enough, then, to learn the meaning attached to the word "disobedient," to recognise the impossibility of an offence in the obedience of a subordinate to his commander.

Accordingly, that opinion must now be decisive which must infallibly be held with regard to the accused; they are absolutely in this position.

I admit I cannot conceive how an exception is to be made in their case; what I have just said about the corollaries of obedience in military relations is entirely applicable to the aforesaid Schmidt, Jahn, Keller and Galle, attached to Schill's regiment for some time before the departure from Berlin.

If Schill had acted without authority, how comes it then that for three weeks before his start he had drills every day in Berlin with knapsacks and everything that makes up the field kit. General Lestocq, the Governor, had meantime given him special leave from field manoeuvres; this was known universally to the public in the capital; it left no one in doubt that they would see a speedy resumption of hostilities. After these indications, and in consequence of communications to the papers, that various sections of the army were in movement to establish a "neutral zone," as it was called, of 40,000 men on the frontiers of Bohemia and Silesia, it was impossible to doubt that Schill had to execute most precise orders.

Moreover, the King of Prussia carefully refrains from blaming Schill for desertion from Berlin; he only charges him with crossing the frontiers under pretext of manœuvring the troops. He had therefore allowed him to go as far as the frontier, obviously to act as opportunity offered.

But, I shall be asked, are not the other accused in the same situation and cannot they also be exculpated? Pardon me, gentlemen, although it looks as if they had joined Schill of their own accord, they cannot be more guilty than the man they followed. For basing oneself consistently on the foundation of the charge, one is compelled to admit that the accused are not guilty at all, by reason of having served in Schill's troops, but only because Schill is maligned. Let us imagine the case that he is not misrepresented; then there would be no doubt that the accused would not to-day be on their trial. Their transgression would be to have served under Schill in spite of knowing Schill's unrecognised position. But they did not know it, and since they were also unable to know their leader's political action, could they be guilty? The answer admits of no doubt; it must be in the negative. But, further, not only were these officers fully convinced, but we have before us the proof that they could have had no other feeling in consequence of the entire ignorance in which they must have been at the time of the political non-recognition by



the King of Prussia. I have already said that non-recognition was dated from Königsberg on May 8, and was only published in Berlin on May 16. It was therefore impossible for any one of these gentlemen to obtain knowledge of it, because four of them had followed Schill from the outset of his march, since they belonged to his regiment, and three of them, the two brothers Wedell and Trachenberg, reached him almost immediately (the two former on May 11) after his march out from Berlin, which took place on April 28; the eighth, Gabain by name, joined him on May 6; Felgentreu, who left Berlin on April 10, intending to go to Burg, near Magdeburg, only joined him at Arnenburg on his march through this place on May 8; and finally Flemming and Keffenbrink were forcibly compelled to serve him, the one at Falgermund, the other at Stralsund on the very day of its capture.

If it clearly appears from the exact account of these events that these officers had no inkling of the non-recognition by the King of Prussia, how would they be guilty of a transgression they could not be aware of? The last consideration must necessarily lead to the overthrow of a principle which establishes criminality. What is the characteristic of crime? It is the intent to harm. Assuredly this intent has not been noted in the conduct of the accused. But, it will be said, this is not a case in which to apply the ordinary rule; the crime in ques-

tion is a crime against the state, which is to be tested under special presumptions; but if this truth is to be admitted, another irrefragable and eternal truth must also be admitted, namely, that to be criminal it is not enough to commit a crime, of whatever kind it may be; it must be known whether the originator of this asserted crime knew the purpose and consequences of his action, and whether he committed it wittingly and with intent to commit an act open to condemnation; then it is justifiable to use this truth.

Very well; I have already shown that the accused had not a criminal intention, and could not have had one, since they were following a chief who was distinguished by the greatest favour on the part of his sovereign, in whose name he always spoke; that this confidence with which they followed him was influenced not by the circumstances of the moment, but by the universal opinion which obtained of his power, of which most astonishing examples had been seen in the last Prussian campaign and certainly after it as well; moreover that this confidence, which was so natural, removes all idea of guilt on the part of the accused. If there exists a guilty party it can only be Schill, because he alone knew the motives of his conduct.

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I repeatedly direct your attention to this point. It is everything in this important case submitted to

you ! I must especially dwell on this important question : Were they culpable because they stood under Schill's orders ? If it is admitted that they were not aware of the disavowal, the proof of which I have already adduced, how could they be guilty of a crime the existence of which they did not know ? This, however, is the position in which they were ; and a further circumstance comes in to support this argument. They all received news of a certain capitulation made at Stralsund ; it is to their advantage to find support for their contention in a decree, published particularly in the *Journal de l'Empire* of July 24, couched in these terms :

“After the death of Schill, effected by the Dutch and Danes in their attack on the barricades, the whole of Schill's corps was killed or taken prisoner, with the exception of 300 mounted men, who forced their way through one of the town gates, and after some negotiations obtained permission to retreat under safe-conduct to Prussian territory.”

In view of this historical truth is it possible to regard as freebooters those to whom capitulation was accorded ? To admit both the one and the other means to destroy all basis of reasonable argument ; but the point which clinches the proof that the accused are absolutely free from blame is the design expressed in this capitulation “to grant permission to retreat to Prussian territory,” which was actually carried

into effect. Assuredly this circumstance sets the seal on their innocence. If they had known the non-recognition which made them guilty, if they had learned that a military commission had been established in Berlin to pass sentence on them, they would not have asked to return to Berlin.

To these considerations I will add one no less weighty: Three fathers of families are among the number of the accused, Jahn, Gale, and Schmidt. Is it to be conceived that these people, so interested in the preservation of their families, would have ventured on this hazardous game with foreknowledge of the intent to follow the career of a freebooter? This assumption cannot be maintained, all the less because these gentlemen were not bound to Schill by the chance of the day or the moment, but had been in Schill's regiment, as we have seen, some little time, more or less, before he marched away.

While I briefly put together the basis of my defence, which I have applied to acquit the accused on the essential part of the accusation, I am content to remark that it is necessary throughout to dwell on the points of the charge, which it seems to me must be set out as follows:—

1. Was Schill a freebooter?
2. Did the accused belong to the corps?
3. Did they all serve in this corps on the same footing and in the same circumstances?

4. Can a distinction be drawn between those who were in the Schill Regiment at the moment of its departure, and those who joined him, and those who appear to have been compelled to serve in it?
5. Will inquiry be made whether they knew or could have had knowledge of the non-recognition, the sole circumstance which constitutes the offence laid to their charge?
6. If no circumstance shows that they had knowledge of Schill's purposes and of the non-recognition in question, will they be regarded as guilty solely because they belonged to Schill's corps, in whatever ignorance they may have been as to the grounds of their commander's action?

These questions, which detach themselves from the principal matter, have been settled by the various arguments which I have brought forward in the scope of my defence.

I think it unnecessary to repeat them to you. It is enough for me to lay before you the bearing of these questions, and to remind you of what I have said on each point.

Now, gentlemen, that I have here made every endeavour to justify the accused in your sight in view of the judgment which you are now to pronounce, and as I dare not rely upon my own efforts, you must allow me the hope of finding in your sense of justice and intelli-

gence the expedients in which I may be lacking. Independently of the confidence which your justice inspires in me, I still cannot abstain from laying before you a few more considerations upon the position of these unhappy men.

Who would be untouched by pity at the thought of seeing these people condemned who have committed no crime beyond that which fortune prepared for them? These people who are accused, endowed with all good qualities and all the social virtues which denote an honourable man—can they not inspire the deepest interest? Even if in the decisive presentation of the case for the prosecution, they are not shown to be guilty of an elaborated crime on which sentence is pronounced long after the action which gave cause for it, has it ever been shown that any one ever gave them the slightest official knowledge of the way in which their case was regarded? On how many grounds can they not claim sympathy? in what sorrow are their families plunged by their sad fate? And what a grievous example it would be for all those who from now onwards have to follow a commander in enterprises which are unintelligible to his subordinates.

But I will especially direct your attention to the three families which are plunged into the bitterest grief, and piteously beseech their fathers back from the fate which tears them from the bosom of their families.

Is it necessary to make a hundred people unhappy by the punishment of a few persons who are merely victims of their own error and their good faith? No, gentlemen, let me be permitted to turn from such an impression to one of less pain and terror.

I am convinced that you all know how to weigh the arguments which lie at the foundation of your judgment; that prejudice, too often ere this conceived in reference to these unfortunate men, will have no part in your deliberations, and that wisdom, fairness, and justice will be the principles which will aid you in the judgment you have now to pronounce.

## IX

### *From the Records of KAROLINE VON ROEDER*

“My father, who could not accustom himself to the placid, I may perhaps say inactive life (at Cöthen), fell into very indifferent health. —My father was always very very simple, did not care for anything out of the common, only sought his pleasures among his own people; always counted the day he was able to spend with us as a feast-day, and was able to converse with us most affectionately. After his death we found in his portfolio the following words to his wife and children. They too make clear his tranquil, even disposition:—

“‘Instruction: How I wish to be buried, if

I die here in Cöthen, and how I earnestly beg my wife and children to mourn me :

“As soon as it is necessary to remove me from the bed on which I shall have expired, let my body be wrapped in a white sheet. Let the coffin be of pine-wood, painted black, the grave an ordinary one, not bricked, close to my late brother-in-law Wedell, so far as may be. I wish to be laid in the ground at day-break in the greatest quiet, but I will not be carried, but driven to the churchyard, and should the Duke's Serene Highness refuse the hearse therefor, let my four horses be harnessed to my spar-wagon, the coffin be placed thereon and driven on its way without pomp and circumstance, without trappings for the horses and waggon.

“My wife and children I beg most earnestly to follow these instructions exactly as a public proof of the love and attachment they have ever shown me, and I most especially and expressly require them not to go into such deep mourning for me as is customary, but simply to wear black silk clothes.

“I have the firm assurance that the memory of a husband and father who did everything for them that lay in his power will never fade from their hearts, and this thought is worth more to me than all the mourning robes in the world.

“Once more I pray you, do not be led away by the usual talk that will be heard about



it—I have written out this injunction advisedly, and all comments made upon it in public concern me alone, I who then shall no longer be I, and shall have become superior to them.

“ ‘*Written at Koethen, 20th April 1809.*”

“ ‘AUGUST HEINRICH ERNST VON GRIESHEIM.’ ”

## X

First Lieutenant Heinrich von Wedell (Letter LX.), *b.* 26th May 1784, ranked as Second Lieutenant in the Prince Louis Ferdinand Regiment of Foot (No. 20). In the year 1807 he fought in Pomerania under Schill, and was retired owing to the reduction of the Prussian army after the Peace of Tilsit. When Schill set out in April 1809, Von Wedell instantly hurried to him, was enrolled in the Hussar regiment, was wounded in the fight at Dodendorf in May and taken prisoner with Lieut. Zarembo. They were transported to Maintz, then in June to Montmédy, where they met the officers who in the interval had been captured at Stralsund. Heinrich von Wedell, after fourteen months, was sent with common soldiers to the galleys at Cherbourg. There he spent eight months amongst the lowest criminals. At last the efforts of the Prussian ambassador in Paris, General von Krusemark, succeeded in effecting an improvement in his condition, but he was sent from one prison to another for months at a time.

It was not till 1812 that he obtained his release from his three years' imprisonment.

During the War of Liberation he found opportunity to distinguish himself repeatedly. In 1815 he was Major in the 7th Uhlans, 1829 Commander of the 5th Uhlans; in 1852 we find him appointed Adjutant General to his Majesty the King and at the same time Governor of the Confederation fortress Luxemburg.

During the Crimean war it was necessary for Prussia to send a confidential agent on a special mission to the Emperor Napoleon III. at Paris. Frederick William IV. deliberately chose Count Heinrich von Wedell for this task. He gave this honoured man, on whose shoulder the dishonouring letters T.F. (*Travaux Forcés*, Convict) were branded, the satisfaction of being received with the honours due to a special envoy. Napoleon gave him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and this is probably the only time in French history that a man bore at once the brand of a galley-slave and the highest order the Empire had to bestow. General von Wedell died on January 22, 1861.

Extract from *Die Drei Wedells im Schill'schen Korps*, by Hans Kufittch. *Der Kamerad*, supplement to the *Feldpost*, 23 April 1901.



# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

## SKETCHES in MAFEKING & EAST AFRICA.

[By Major-General R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, C.B., F.R.G.S.

Author of "The Matabele Campaign," "Sport in War," etc.

With several Coloured Plates and a large number of Half-tone and Line Illustrations. Oblong 4to. 21s. net.

The *EVENING STANDARD* says—"B.P.'s' sketches are really admirable, full of movement, humour, and drama, the vivid impressions of a vivid mind caught and fixed by the pencil of a craftsman."

## BESIDE STILL WATERS.

By A. C. BENSON,

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The *DAILY CHRONICLE* says—"Beside Still Waters' gathers together the scattered threads which have been already introduced into several of Mr. Benson's recent studies; it consolidates his attitude to life, and gives full expression to his mellow and contented philosophy."

## THE LETTERS OF ONE. By CHARLES HARE PLUNKETT.

Large post 8vo. 5s. net.

## THE PAPERS OF A PARIAN. By the Rev. FATHER

HUGH BENSON, Author of "The Light Invisible," "Richard Raynal, Solitary," "The Religion of the Plain Man," etc. Large Post 8vo. 5s. net.

## LETTERS OF A BETROTHED, 1804-1813, During the

German War of Liberation. By the Baroness EDITH VON CRAMM. Translated by LEONARD HUXLEY. With 2 portraits. Large post 8vo. 5s. net.

## LONEWOOD CORNER: A Countryman's Horizons.

By JOHN HALSHAM, Author of "Idlehurst." Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

## THE STATE OF THE NAVY IN 1907. A Plea for

Enquiry. By "CIVIS." With an Introduction by J. ST. LOE STRACHEY. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The *SPECTATOR* says—"We trust that this reprint of 'Civis's' letters will be largely circulated, and that special attention will be given to the demand made both by him and by the writer of the introduction that an adequate inquiry shall at once take place into the recent developments of Admiralty policy and organisation."

New Volume of the "Historical Series for Bible Students."

## OUTLINES for the STUDY OF BIBLICAL HISTORY

AND LITERATURE from the Earliest Times to 200 A.D. By FRANK KNIGHT SANDERS, Ph.D., D.D., and HENRY THATCHER FOWLER, Ph.D. Crown 8vo. 6s.

New and Cheaper Edition of Martin's "THE STONES OF PARIS."

In 1 Volume. With many Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

## THE STONES OF PARIS IN HISTORY AND LETTERS.

By BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN and CHARLOTTE M. MARTIN.

\*.\* A few copies of the two-volume edition are still to be had. Price 18s.

---

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

# Smith, Elder, & Co.'s Publications.

**THE NEW NATION:** a Sketch of the Social, Political, and Economic Conditions and Prospects of the Australian Commonwealth. By PERCY F. ROWLAND, late Scholar of Hertford College, &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*SIR JOHN GORST, K.C.*, writes respecting 'THE NEW NATION':—'I cannot say anything which testifies more to the excellence of your book than that I read it through from beginning to end without any flagging of interest.'

**A SEARCH FOR THE MASKED TAWAREKS.** By W. J. HARDING KING, M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S. With 38 Full-page Illustrations and a Map. Small demy 8vo. 6s.

Records of a journey across the Sahara in search of the most aggressive and most elusive of the desert tribes.

**CHOTA NAGPORE: A LITTLE KNOWN PROVINCE OF THE EMPIRE.** By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT, B.A. Oxon., F.R.G.S., Indian Civil Service. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. the EARL OF NORTHBROOK, G.C.S.I., sometime Viceroy of India, a Map, and numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

**SIR HENRY WENTWORTH ACLAND, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S.**, Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. A MEMOIR. By J. B. ATLAV, Barrister-at-Law, late Scholar of Criel College, Oxford, Author of 'Lord Cochrane's Trial before Lord Ellenborough in 1824.' With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 14s. net.

**LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE.** By MARY KING WADDINGTON. Eighth English Edition. Illustrated with Portraits, Views, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

*ATHENÆUM*.—'A most interesting book of gossip, which, considered from the point of view of the general public, contains not a dull line from the first to the last.'

**GERMAN AMBITIONS AS THEY AFFECT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.** Reprinted with Additions and Notes from the *Spectator*. By VIGILANS SED ÆQUUS. With an Introduction by J. St. LOE STRACHEY. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

**QUEEN VICTORIA: A BIOGRAPHY.** By SIDNEY LEE, Editor of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' NEW, REVISED, AND CHEAPER EDITION. With Portraits, Map, and a Facsimile Letter. Large crown 8vo. 6s.

*QUARTERLY REVIEW*.—'Mr. Sidney Lee has performed, with marked success, a work which required, in no common measure, a combination of assiduous labour, skilful arrangement, and unflinching tact. . . . Our interest is sustained from the first page to the last.'

Also the **FOURTH IMPRESSION (SECOND EDITION)** of the Original Edition. With Portraits, Maps, and a Facsimile Letter. Large crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**THE NONJURORS: their Lives, Principles, and Writings.** By the late J. H. OVERTON, D.D., Rector of Gumley and Canon of Lincoln, Author of 'The Church in England,' 'The Anglican Revival,' &c. With a Frontispiece. Demy 8vo. 16s.

*TIMES*.—'Dr. Overton has done as much as anyone for our knowledge of the seventeenth century Church; and his present book, though we hope it will be very far from his last, will put a crown upon his labours. It has all the finish of a master's work, with no loss of the fresh enthusiasm with which he began his labours.'

**A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.** Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*. By the Author of 'Collections and Recollections' &c. SECOND IMPRESSION. Small post 8vo. 5s.

*TRUTH*.—'One of the most entertaining works recently published.'

*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*.—'It is long since we read a volume so continuously amusing.'

**A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.** By ADELAIDE SARTORIS. With 2 Illustrations by LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A., and a Portrait of the Author. NEW EDITION, WITH A PREFACE BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE. SECOND IMPRESSION. Large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*TIMES*.—'The book is, as it were, a reliquary, containing Mrs. Sartoris's qualities, and Mrs. Ritchie has woven a delicate lace covering for it in a pattern of wreathed memories, blossoming, branching, intertwining—and in the midst of them a whole nosegay of impressions which still keep their fragrance.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

## **THE LIFE OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL**

(1846-1891). By R. BARRY O'BRIEN, Author of 'Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland' &c. With a Portrait, a view of Avondale, and a Facsimile Letter. THIRD IMPRESSION. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. 21s.

**THE EARL OF ROSEBERY** at Edinburgh.—'The remarkable biography of a remarkable man.'

## **THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING AND**

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT. FOURTH IMPRESSION. With 2 Portraits and 2 Facsimile Letters. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

**SPECTATOR**.—'We venture to think that no such remarkable and unbroken series of intimate letters between two remarkable people have ever been given to the world.'

## **THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.**

By Mrs. FULLER MAITLAND, Author of 'Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre,' &c., and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart. SEVENTH IMPRESSION. 3rd Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**LITERATURE**.—'Every page in the book is pervaded by a charm which one values in proportion to its increasing rarity—the charm of scholarship.'

## **THE WAR IN CUBA.**

The Experiences of an Englishman with the United States Army. By JOHN BLACK ATKINS, M.A. With 4 Maps and a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**DAILY CHRONICLE**.—'A most vivid and entertaining description, giving us a far better idea of what the war was really like to the men who took part in it than all the possible statistics and military treatises.'

## **A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.**

By SIDNEY LEE, Editor of 'The Dictionary of National Biography.' FIFTH EDITION. With 2 Portraits of Shakespeare, a Portrait of the Earl of Southampton, and Facsimiles of Shakespeare's known Signatures. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

\* Also the **ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION**, in 1 vol. medium 8vo. Profusely illustrated with Photogravures, Topographical Views, &c. 16s.; and the **STUDENTS' EDITION**. With a Photogravure Plate and 4 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**LITERATURE**.—'Mr. Lee's work, both for its literary qualities and its scholarship, does credit to English letters, and it will probably be regarded for years to come as the most useful, the most judicious, and the most authoritative of all existing biographies of the poet.'

## **SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.**

Facsimiles of the Five Authentic Autograph Signatures of the Poet. Extracted from SIDNEY LEE's 'Life of William Shakespeare.' With an Explanatory Note. Crown 8vo. 6d.

## **THE SCARLET HERRING, and other Stories.**

By His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY, Author of 'Katawampus: its Treatment and Cure,' 'Butter-Scotia,' &c. With Illustrations by ATHELSTAN RUSDEN. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**DAILY TELEGRAPH**.—'A delightful fairy book, abounding in the fun which has characterised his Honour's earlier ventures in the same vein.'

## **THE STONES OF PARIS, IN HISTORY AND**

LETTERS. By BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN and CHARLOTTE M. MARTIN. 2 vols., profusely illustrated. Crown 8vo. 18s.

**SPECTATOR**.—'This is a charming book. The expression is strong, and seldom exact; but we use it deliberately and after reflection. The charm of these wanderings in old Paris is real.'

## **THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH**

PEOPLE. By N. C. MACNAMARA, F.R.C.S. With 51 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF OFFICERS OF THE**

ROYAL BENGAL ENGINEERS. By Colonel Sir EDWARD THACKERAY, V.C., K.C.B. With 6 Portraits. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

---

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

---

**LETTERS TO YOUNG AND OLD.** By Mrs. C. W. EARLE, Author of 'Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.' Small demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

*ATHENÆUM*.—'If every one's letters were as informative and entertaining and suggestive as Mrs. Earle's, life would be more interesting, at least as far as correspondence is concerned . . . Altogether it is a delightful gossiping *olla podrida*.'

**THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES:** Studies from Court Life in the Later Years of Louis XIV. By G. F. BRADBY. SECOND IMPRESSION. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

*PUNCH*.—'A full, picturesque, personal record of life and doings which, if they did not belong to undisputed history, might be suspected as the work of Swift in his most malevolent mood.'

**SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.** By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. Second Edition. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

*ATHENÆUM*.—'Mr. Russell has succeeded in hitting off the polite and professional world in nearly every instance, and his stories are so cleverly handled that he avoids wounding the feelings even of the most susceptible.'

**THE BOOK OF GILLY: Four Months out of a Life.** By EMILY LAWLESS, Hon. Litt.D. With Illustrations by L. LESLIE BROOKE. Pott 4to. 6s. 6d. net.

*SPECTATOR*.—'Various characters, all of them drawn with the skill which we expect from the pen of Miss Lawless, fill the scene.'

**THE HOUSE OF THE LUCK.** By MARY J. H. SKRINE. With Illustrations by her Daughter, MARGARET S. SKRINE. Pott 4to. 6s. net.

*ATHENÆUM*.—'The whole conception of the book is full of beauty and a tender sentiment.'

**RICHARD III.: his Life and Character** Reviewed in the Light of Recent Research. By Sir CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S. With a Portrait and Map, 10s. 6d. net.

*BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*.—'Sir Clements Markham has a sound excuse for revising the popular view of Richard III., and he has done something to clear the character of an unhappy King.'

**THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE NETHERLANDS.** By J. ELLIS BARKER, Author of 'Modern Germany,' &c. Small demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

J. L. GARVIN, in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, says: 'There is nothing in any language like it, and when all is said, it remains one of the most striking additions recently made to the political library.'

**OUR HERITAGE THE SEA.** By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., Author of 'The Cruise of the "Cachalot"' &c. With a Frontispiece by ARTHUR TWIDLE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

*DAILY TELEGRAPH*.—'The first step to winning people to the reading of a good book is to produce the good book for them to read, and that Mr. Bullen has done.'

---

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

---

## THE ROMANCE OF AN EASTERN CAPITAL.

By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT, B.A., F.R.G.S., I.C.S. With 30 Illustrations and a Map, 12s. 6d. net.

*DAILY TELEGRAPH*.—'Mr. Bradley-Birt has wisely called his book the "Romance" of an Eastern capital, for it is indeed a romance, a dark, thrilling romance of the East. We can commend the volume heartily to those directly interested in India and also to the general reader.'

## PROVINCIAL LETTERS, and other Papers. By the

Author of 'Pages from a Private Diary.' 5s. net.

*DAILY MAIL*.—'We feel on closing the book that we have been in the company of a genial, sensible, and humorous man, with a wide knowledge of literature, a subtle appreciation of beauty, and a keen perception of character.'

## THE TEACHING OF THE LORD, Contained in

the Gospels. Brought together under its Principal Heads. By JOHN BOYD KINNEAR, Author of 'The Foundations of Religion' &c. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

*ENGLISH CHURCHMAN*.—'To the devout Bible student this work will prove of real value.'

*DUNDEE COURIER*.—'One of the most carefully compiled "Helps" to the narratives of the Gospels we know of.'

## THE GATE OF DEATH: a Diary. Large post 8vo. 6s. net.

*CHRISTIAN WORLD*.—'An intensely interesting piece of self-revelation. . . . The book is from end to end entirely alive. It throbs with the spirit of our time.'

## THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA. Translated from the

German of Government-Councillor RUDOLF MARTIN by Miss HULDA FRIEDERICHs. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

*TRIBUNE*.—'The sanity of the book and its masterly handling of figures will be of the utmost value to English readers.'

## THE FRIENDS OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G.

TALLENTYRE. With Portraits, small demy 8vo. 9s. net.

*PALL MALL GAZETTE*.—'The author has the art of writing as if the friends of Voltaire were also friends of hers whom she wished to be friends of ours. . . . It is all intensely human and intensely vivid; and the character sketches should be welcomed even by those who only know the character by name.'

## THE NEW PHYSICS & CHEMISTRY: a Series

of Popular Essays on Physical and Chemical Subjects. By W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S., Senior Science Master in Clifton College. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The *SPECTATOR*, in a Review headed 'The Lessons of Radium,' says:—'Mr. Shenstone has reprinted the very able and informing essays on various aspects of this theory which he has contributed to the "Cornhill Magazine." . . . The book is an excellent specimen of popular exposition, and may be safely procured by the layman who wishes to be introduced on an easy path to the delightful fields of the new knowledge.'

## CATHERINE OF CALAIS. By Mrs. HENRY DE LA

PASTURE. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

*OUTLOOK*.—'There is no danger in saying straight out that "Catherine of Calais" is a remarkable novel. Its shrewdness of character-drawing reminds one of Jane Austen.'

---

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.



**PALL MALL GAZETTE.**—'When the Haworth Edition was announced, we expected something with which no other version has provided us, and we are not disappointed.'

In 7 Volumes. Large crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 8s. each.

**THE HAWORTH EDITION**  
OF THE  
**LIFE AND WORKS**  
OF  
**CHARLOTTE BRONTË**  
(CURRER BELL),  
AND HER SISTERS  
**EMILY AND ANNE BRONTË**  
(ELLIS AND ACTON BELL).

**WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.**

including Views of places described in the Works, reproduced from Photographs specially taken for the purpose by Mr. W. R. BLAND, of Duffield, Derby, in conjunction with Mr. C. BARROW KENN, of Derby.

Introductions to the Works are supplied by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD,

AND

An Introduction and Notes to Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' by Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, the eminent Brontë authority.

**CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES:**

1. **JANE EYRE.** By CHARLOTTE BRONTË. With a Photogravure Portrait of Charlotte Brontë, from a Drawing by G. RICHMOND, a Photogravure of Rochester and Jane Eyre, from a Water-colour Drawing by FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.; a Facsimile of the Title-page of the first edition, and 8 Full-page Illustrations.
2. **SHIRLEY.** By CHARLOTTE BRONTË. With a Facsimile of the Title-page of the first edition, and 10 Full-page Illustrations.
3. **VILLETTE.** By CHARLOTTE BRONTË. With a Photogravure Portrait of M. Heger, Facsimiles of the Title-page of the original edition and of a page of the original MS., and 8 Full-page Illustrations.
4. **THE PROFESSOR,** by CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and **POEMS,** by CHARLOTTE, EMILY, and ANNE BRONTË, and the Rev. PATRICK BRONTË, &c. With Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the first editions, and 8 Full-page Illustrations.
5. **WUTHERING HEIGHTS.** By EMILY BRONTË. **AGNES GREY.** By ANNE BRONTË. With a Preface and Biographical Notice of both Authors by CHARLOTTE BRONTË. With a Portrait of Emily Brontë, Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the first edition, and 8 full-page Illustrations.
6. **THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL.** By ANNE BRONTË. With a Portrait of Anne Brontë, a Facsimile of the Title-page of the first edition, and 6 Full-page Illustrations.
7. **LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.** By Mrs. GASKELL. With an Introduction and Notes by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. With nearly 100 hitherto Unpublished Letters from the Brontës, father and daughters, Photogravure Portraits of Mrs. Gaskell and of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, a Portrait of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, 11 New Illustrations, Facsimiles of a Letter by Charlotte Brontë, and of a page from Charlotte Brontë's MS. of 'The Secret,' &c. &c.

\*. The LIFE AND WORKS OF THE SISTERS BRONTË are also to be had in 7 vols. small post 8vo. limp green cloth, or, cloth boards, gilt top, price 2s. 6d. each: and in small fep. 8vo. bound in cloth, with gilt top, with Frontispieces to each volume, price 1s. 6d. each; or the Set, in gold-lettered cloth case, 12s. 6d.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.



THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

---

This book is due on the last **DATE** stamped below.

---

50m-1,'69(J5643s8)2373—8A,1

NRLF

DC236.C712



3 2106 00034 5436

